

women in crime

APRIL • 25 CENTS
ACTUAL POLICE CASES

"CHARLIE
TWO-TIMED
WITH MY KID
SISTER...
SO I
KILLED
THEM
BOTH!"

Plus...

HELLCATS IN
DUNGAREES

NICE GIRLS
DON'T KILL!

*...and
others!*



START YOUR OWN BUSINESS!

ELECTRICAL APPLIANCE REPAIRING

ENJOY SECURITY-INDEPENDENCE! and WORK SHORT HOURS

START IN YOUR OWN KITCHEN, GARAGE OR SPARE ROOM

You don't need elaborate fixtures or expensive equipment to be a successful repairman. Work as many hours as you wish. The Electrical Appliance Technician is his own boss.

\$5.00 to \$6.00 PER HOUR & MORE

often charged for making ordinary repairs. We show you how to repair refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, washing machines, sewing machines, toasters, motors, etc. How to do house wiring, etc.

AGE IS NO BARRIER

Nor is a minor physical handicap. Electrical repairing is light, pleasant work and is MOST PROFITABLE.

There are many millions of electrical units, electrical appliances, electrical machinery and electrical equipment in daily use. In factories, in homes, in office buildings and on the farm electricity is playing an increasingly important part. Skilled electrical technicians with the proper "know how" are needed to keep all this electrical equipment in good running condition. Learn this needed "know how" in your spare time at home!

You can now BE TRAINED to quickly fill this BIG NEED... a need that continues to grow day by day because of ever increasing new electrical inventions for use at home and in the factory.

If you are mechanically inclined, can hold and use tools, we can give you the training and time saving kits that will enable you to... Command More Money at Work... Get a Better Paying Job Elsewhere... Or own a Profitable Business of Your Own.

The "Christy" ELECTRONIC KIT, a multi-purpose trouble detector, which quickly shows you where the trouble lies, and other valuable Shop Method Training equipment and lesson in lesson manual form for easy reference, is written in simple, materials is sent to you. All the instruction material, presented easy-to-understand language, check full of hundreds of detailed photographs and drawings showing step by step procedure. Lesson manuals that are used daily by servicemen the country over.

We show you how to quickly locate electrical troubles, then how to quickly fix it and what you should charge your customer. Many of our students report making sizeable earnings while still learning! We ALSO show you how to solicit business and keep it coming to you.

Send today for Full Facts on how you can get the famous Christy training, and Christy lesson materials, Electronic Kit and other valuable material and pay for it out of earnings while learning!

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK on America's fastest growing industry

CHRISTY TRADES SCHOOL, Dept. D-2282-4804 N. Kedzie Ave., Chicago 25, Ill.

CHRISTY TRADES SCHOOL, Dept. D-2282

4804 N. Kedzie Ave., Chicago 25, Ill.

Gentlemen:
Please rush me your FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK about Electrical Appliance Servicing, facts on your Electronic Kit and Special form for paying later from earnings while learning.

NAME.....AGE.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....



EARN WHILE YOU LEARN!

Due to your course, in 6 months I built a business which forced me to hire extra help. - R.W., New Orleans, La.

Only last year course a few short weeks and have already made \$200.00. Going to quit my job paying \$250.00 monthly salary to operate my own business. - J.D.S., St. Louis, Mo.

I work day times at the shipyard and after 4:00 P.M. I operate from my cellar and garage. I average \$12.00 to \$15.00 clear every day. - Walter Kasper, Southport, Mass.

SEND COUPON TODAY

WORKING KIT
FURNISHED



I EARN CASH FIXING CARS AS I TRAIN THE CTI WAY

You need not give up your present job to learn the high-pay trade of Auto Mechanics! You can train at home in spare time—and actually earn cash as you learn. CTI Shop-Method training is so practical that many students make up to \$15 a week and more repairing cars for friends and neighbors!

EARN BIG PAY
—WORK STEADY

AUTO MECHANICS

A Trade You Can Learn at Home

You can stop looking for that better job with high pay and lifetime security. It's waiting for you in the great auto industry. Tens of thousands of mechanics are needed to repair and service the 60 million cars and trucks on the road. One-third of these vehicles are in the heavy-repair classification, according to a leading auto magazine!

So, stop looking and start training. You can learn to be an auto mechanic at home in your spare time—in just a few short months. The CTI Shop-Method Home-Training Plan teaches you to repair engines, transmissions, brakes and the various systems—cooling, electric and lubricating. This plan is so practical that you can do actual repair work soon after you enroll. And in addition, you can have either *Diesel Mechanics* or *Body & Fender Rebuilding* instruction at an extra cost! So, mail coupon today for valuable free book!

YOU PRACTICE WITH THIS TUNE-UP KIT



As part of your training, CTI sends you this professional Tune-Up Kit of precision instruments. It includes a Compression Tester, a Vacuum Gauge and Fuel Pump Tester, an Ignition Timing Light, and a portable steel case. With this kit you can quickly locate engine troubles just as an expert mechanic does.

YOU DO REPAIR JOBS WHILE LEARNING

You also receive this top-quality set of mechanic's tools. These excellent tools will increase your interest, help you get valuable experience and make it possible for you to earn spare time dollars during your training. No extra cost!

TWO VALUABLE FREE BOOKS

Find out how you can succeed in America's greatest industry... how you can train at home to become a mechanic. Just fill out and mail coupon. CTI will send you two books which give complete details on your opportunities and prove that you can learn. Act today!

Commercial Trades Institute

1408 Grandview Ave., Chicago 26, Illinois. Dept. A-371
Mail me your big book, "Big Money in Auto Mechanics." Also send Sample Lesson. Both free.
Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____
Member National Home Study Council

WOMEN IN CRIME

A SKYE Publication

APRIL 1957

VOL. 11, NO. 4

Bill Guy, Editor

Samuel B. Filner, Art Editor

Sherie's lure was fatal... See page 38

FULL-LENGTH CASES

CONVICT'S WOMAN

No hiding place for her!

8

BAD TIME FOR BETTY!

Illicit sex triangle.

16

POUR ME ANOTHER... JUST LIKE THE OTHER

Kicker in the love-potion.

20

MY KNIFE CUTS DEEP!

The blonde left blood.

26

LADY ON THE BACK STREET

Death watch at the window.

28

NICE GIRLS DON'T KILL!

Strange love, stranger murder.

32

TOO LITTLE POISON!

Darling, how could you?

36

SEX-LURE OF THE BLONDE CANARY

Her last tune—a song of death.

38

EXPOSE FEATURE

NO PLACE FOR VIRGINS!

Girl-gang terror.

22

SHORT CASES

SWEET AND DEADLY

And she lied like crazy!

10

JUST LIKE A WOMAN!

Sisters in crime.

12

MEET MISS WILDCAT

Jennie made her mind up.

70

DEPARTMENTS

PHOTO OF THE MONTH

A very initial lady!

6

CRIME PHOTO QUIZ

Name these deadly dames.

14

WOMEN MAKE THE NEWS!

Cross-country crime roundup.

34

The photos on pages 8, 10, 12, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 32, 36, 38, and 70 were specially posed by professional models.

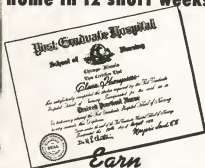
Cover Etchchrome by Garry Wagner

Cover color printing by The Regenstainer Corporation, Chicago, Illinois.

WOMEN IN CRIME, Vol. 11, No. 4, February March, April 1957. Published quarterly by Skye Publishing Co., Inc., executive and editorial offices at 270 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Arthur Bernhard, Publisher. Ray Peck Co., 270 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y., Plaza 3-4670, Advertising Representatives; Alan Sils, General Manager; Sam Salomon, Circulation Director. Annual subscription (four issues) \$2.50 in the U.S., Canada, and P.A.S.; \$3.00 foreign. Twenty-five cents a copy. Manuscripts and art material accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelopes will be carefully considered, but the publisher and editors will not be responsible for loss or damage. Copyright 1954 by Skye Publishing Co., Inc. All rights reserved. Registered at second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

MAKE \$15⁰⁰ A DAY AND MORE!

Learn practical nursing at home in 12 short weeks



**Earn
A BIG STEADY INCOME
IMMEDIATELY!**

THIS IS THE HOME STUDY COURSE THAT Will Change Your Whole Life!

YES, YOU CAN BE A PROFESSIONAL NURSE. You can earn the respect of everyone you know by helping those who urgently need your help.

ALL THE REWARDS OF NURSING CAN BE YOURS. You can get out of your present rut and be completely independent. Select the very cases you want from the hundreds offered to you... work part or full time without interfering with your present home or social activities... work in hospitals, clinics, doctor's offices, convalescent homes, private duty. Specialize as you like... infant cases, hospital nursing, or travel with your patient all over the world.

IN JUST 12 SHORT WEEKS FROM NOW you can begin to earn as much as \$20.00 a day and you need never worry about being "laid off." Never before was there such a crying need for nurses. Today 300,000 requests remain unfilled. Hospitals, convalescent homes, and doctors are begging for our graduates. No high school education is required for this complete nursing course. In fact many of our successful graduates, now earning top professional pay, have never even finished grammar school. If you are sincere and love people you have all the qualifications.

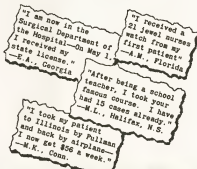
DO NOT LET AGE PREVENT YOU from realizing your fondest dreams. Students from 16 to 66 have successfully completed this doctors' approved course.

IN JUST 12 SHORT WEEKS FROM NOW you can be graduated and wear with pride your crisp white professional nurses uniform. Family and friends will respect your shining silver graduation pin and your highly prized diploma from the nation's outstanding professional training school.

STUDY AS SLOW OR AS FAST AS YOU WISH. Some of our students study on and off in their spare time. If you are anxious to begin your nursing career, you can complete the course in just 12 weeks. Or if you have had any previous training, you can graduate in 30 to 60 days.

BUT THE IMPORTANT THING IS to get free complete information right now. There is no cost or obligation. We will send you, as we have thousands of other ambitious women, a FREE sample lesson and a FREE nursing booklet. Clip the coupon at the right and mail right now. Your FREE material will reach you by return mail.

WHAT OUR GRADUATES SAY:



Mail Coupon Today for FREE Sample Lesson.

POST GRADUATE HOSPITAL SCHOOL OF NURSING,
81137 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago 5, Ill.

Send me, without obligation, your FREE 16-page sample lesson and FREE booklet on High-Paying Opportunities in Nursing.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

POST GRADUATE HOSPITAL SCHOOL OF NURSING

81137 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago 5, Ill.



ANNOUNCING: The Greatest Reading Treat Ever Offered to MYSTERY FANS!

5 FULL LENGTH NOVELETTES

Erle Stanley Gardner
The King of The Crime-Kits. The incomparable Perry Mason was a success "because" no one was the more ingenious gambler of his legal career!

Mary Roberts Rinehart
The Queen of Mystery. A spine-chilling tale in which Mrs. Pakenham reveals a grisly family skeleton!

REX STOUT *Inspector*
A fascinating female bombastic detective finds in a case that even the most cynical master sleuth Nero Wolfe would be the first to admit!

Dorothy L. Sayers *The Best of Crime*
Five, thrilling unusual happens in the quiet English countryside—until Lord Peter Wimsey challenges a case that comes down to justice!

ELLERY QUEEN
The Lamp of God: What would you do if you have committed a crime?

4 FAMOUS NOVELS

AGATHA CHRISTIE *Murder in the Castle*
Cordelia Chase, a young lady on a tour of Europe, meets a man who is the most difficult challenge to solve on NOT TO solve the mystery of a man he despised! Violet Mearns' best!

ERIC AMBLER
Johnny Joe *Joe*: You're an ordinary traveler, but in London you learn an extraordinary secret. Then someone takes a shot at you... and ERIC AMBLER... and then, stepped on a homeward bound ship, you're deeply in the plot for 100 to 1 chance of escape! The greatest spy novel of our time!

Raymond Chandler
The Big Sleep: You won't stop at you find out what happens when hard-boiled Philip Marlowe discovers that his client's two gorgeous daughters are caught in a plot with evil and blackmail. A masterpiece of crime!

DAPHNE du MAURIER
Rebecca: Last night I went to Manderley again... to read the immortal novel of almost unbearable suspense in which Mrs. DeWinterton achieved a new high in action picture action. One of the finest mysteries of all time!

10 PULSE-TINGLING STORIES

EDGAR WALLACE *The Treasure Hunt*: What happens when you get a letter to cash a check? **GEORGE SANDERSON** *The New Christmas*: A special Maggot saves an impossible situation—21 only a Frenchman could!

PATRICK QUINN *Peaks for Peggy*: Who wants to kill Peggy—and who? Four Dollars and her movement will lead the amazing secret!

JOHN DICKSON CARR *The Hound of the Baskin*: The first of the all-time greats of the locked room mystery. Dr. Gideon Fell, **MARGERY ALLINGHAM**, *The Case of the White Elephant*: Alfred Crompton doesn't dwell on conventional crime.

IRISH *How a Woman*: The chilling suspense classic which won James Stewart and Grace Kelly's technical honor! **LESLIE CHARTERIS**, *The Arrow of God*: The same society returns the Nassau police force from the depths.

NGARO MARSH, *I Can Find My Way Out*: The first of the most thrilling and quick-moving Robert Allen to solve a word of home! **CRAIG RICE** and **STUART PALMER**, *Right in the Last*: Helmsworth's work by a top detective!

CAROL HICKSON, *The Man Who Explains*: A brilliant building in Henry Menck's book a diabolical plot—and you're the one of these mystery features to provide you with hours of thinking entertainment!

Yours for IN TWO GIANT VOLUMES

A TREASURY OF GREAT MYSTERIES

A TREASURY OF GREAT MYSTERIES

AGATHA CHRISTIE
ERLE STANLEY GARDNER
EDGAR WALLACE
GEORGE SANDERSON
PATRICK QUINN
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
JOHN DICKSON CARR
ELLERY QUEEN
MARGERY ALLINGHAM
WILLIAM IRISH
ERIC AMBLER

RAYMOND CHANDLER
DOROTHY L. SAYERS
LESLIE CHARTERIS
NGARO MARSH
REX STOUT
CRAIG RICE and STUART PALMER
CARTER DICKSON
DAPHNE du MAURIER

NOW—WHILE THEY LAST—YOU CAN GET THIS BEAUTIFUL BRAND-NEW 2-VOLUME TREASURY OF GREAT MYSTERIES—FOR ONLY ONE DIME!

Think of it... nineteen of the world's most popular suspense classics—Stories, Novels, and Novels—packed into two big Deluxe Library Volumes! Over 1,150 pulse-tingling pages! This richly-bound TREASURY OF GREAT MYSTERIES makes a stunning addition to your home or office bookshelf... valuable books you will be proud to display and own... and they are yours for just few cents!

If these thrilling tales of mystery and imagination were for sale in separate editions, they cost would total \$27.50 or more! But The Dollar Mystery Guild offers you this tremendous bargain for just a dime. The reason: we want to make new friends with people who like to escape the cares of the world... in the pages of really exciting mysteries. If you like mystery stories, you'll be delighted by the huge cash savings you can enjoy as a member.

Here's how The Mystery Guild plan works: Each month our Editorial Board selects two top-notch famous authors like the twenty featured above (and occasionally by a freshly discovered star!) You receive a description of them **WELL IN ADVANCE**. The books you want are sent to you immediately. If you don't want a book, you simply notify the Club on the form provided.

Each handsome mystery selection sells for up to \$3.50 in the publisher's edi-

tion. But our MEMBERS PAY ONLY \$1.00, plus a few cents shipping. (When opportunity permits, you can also get an occasional extra value book at \$1.49.) Remember, you buy only the books you want! as few as 4 selections a year. You pay the Club's bargain price only after examination... and you have more than two dozen best sellers to choose from.

Get your Library Set of A TREASURY OF GREAT MYSTERIES while they last. Send a dime with this coupon TODAY to the Dollar Mystery Guild, Dept. SDG-3, Garden City, N. Y.

GET 20 MASTERS OF MYSTERY FOR JUST 10c
The Dollar Mystery Guild, Dept. SDG-3, Garden City, N. Y. Here's my dime (to help cover mailing cost). Please RUSH my Special Library Set, A TREASURY OF GREAT MYSTERIES.

Also ENROLL me as a Trial Member of The Dollar Mystery Guild. New books will be described to me each month, as the Guild's advance bulletin, "Mystery Guild News." Whenever I don't want a book, I will notify you and it won't be sent. I pay nothing except \$1 for each selection I accept (unless I choose an extra-value selection) plus a few cents for shipping. I need take only four books a year, and I can return any time after accepting four books. If I am not satisfied, I will return the set and you will refund my Trial Membership.

NAME _____ (Please Print)
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Shipping office in Canada, address Dollar Mystery Guild, 188 Broad St., Montreal, Quebec, Canada. No money back on unsatisfactory trial.

Volume 1

Volume 2

Check the Kind of Body YOU Want!

RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!

Charles Little



JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add SOLID INCHES of powerful new muscle SO FAST your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder! I'll PROVE you can get the kind of body you want in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 17-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Girls made fun of me. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." It turned me into such a specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

"DYNAMIC TENSION"—that's my secret. When you look in the mirror and see a healthy looking fellow smiling back at you—there you realize how fast "Dynamic Tension" GETS RESULTS! That's because it's the natural method you can practice in your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY—while your chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell, your arms and legs of yours begin to feel "alive," full of zip and go—INSIDE and OUT!

FREE Illustrated 32-Page Book. Just Mail the Coupon.

Send NOW for my famous book showing how "Dynamic Tension" makes you a new man 32 pages packed with photographs, valuable advice, answers, many vital questions. This book is a real prize: yet I'll send you a copy FREE! Just glance through it and change your life! Rush coupon to me personally.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept 164-C
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT 164-C
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

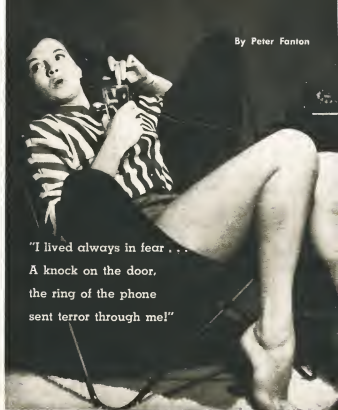
Dear Charles, Atlas:
Here's the Kind of Body I Want:

(Check in many or all boxes)
 Miss Weight ☐ Slender Waist and
 Solid ☐ Solid ☐ in the Right ☐ Arms
 Place ☐ Powerful Leg
 Shoulder ☐ Chest and ☐ Muscles
 Shoulders ☐ Better Sleep, More
 Powerful Arms and ☐ Energy
 Size ☐

Send me absolutely FREE your famous book showing how "Dynamic Tension" can make me a new man. It's packed with photographs, answers to vital questions, and valuable advice. This book is mine to keep and send for if it does not obligate me in any way.

NAME AGE
 ADDRESS
 CITY STATE

By Peter Fanton



"I lived always in fear . . .

A knock on the door,

the ring of the phone

sent terror through me!"

CONVICT'S WOMAN

MR. SMITH, who tended his roses with such loving care, and his attractive young wife,

Ann, were regarded by their neighbors as one of the nicest couples ever to live in quiet West End Lane, Kilburn, London.

With their 11-year-old son, they had moved into the little hangulow last December. And, whereas the Smiths were friendly and utterly charming in their relationships with other dwellers in the suburban road, they lived pretty much to themselves, making no real friends.

Mr. Smith had close cropped hair, a small ginger-colored moustache, and wore half-rimmed spectacles. He rarely left the house or ventured beyond the hedged precincts of his garden, although on occasions he accompanied his pretty wife on a shopping expedition into Kilburn High Road.

The Smiths seemed comfortably fixed, too. As anyone in the lane could have told you, they paid 10 pounds weekly for their furnished bungalow. Only a short time after

(continued on page 54)

"YOU ARE UNDER ARREST"



There's a Thrill in Bringing a Crook to Justice Through Scientific **CRIME DETECTION!**

We have taught thousands of men and women this exciting, profitable pleasant profession. Let us teach you, too, *in your own home*. Prepare yourself in your leisure time, to fill a responsible, steady, well-paid position in a very short time and at very small cost. What others have done, you, too, can do.

**Over 800 Bureaus of Identification
In the U.S. Now Employ I.A.S. Trained
Men as Directors or Assistants**

**Here's a Partial
List of Them**

Send for **FREE Complete
list of over 800 Bureaus
where our Students or
Graduates are now
working**

State Bureau of Michigan
Tallahassee, Florida
State Bureau of Connecticut
State Bureau of Arizona
State Bureau of Rhode Island
Charleston, S. C.
State Bureau of Louisiana
State Bureau of Utah
Lincoln, Nebraska
Trenton, New Jersey
Albany, New York
Dayton, Ohio
Stillwater, Oklahoma
Montgomery, Alabama

Phoenix, Arizona
Santa Ana, Calif.
Seattle, Washington
Madison, Wisconsin
Miami, Florida
Lawrenceville, Kansas
Annapolis, Maryland
Dearborn, Michigan
Yichiburg, Miss.
Hartford, Connecticut
San Juan, Puerto Rico
Ketchikan, Alaska
Honolulu, Hawaii

Not Expensive or Difficult to Learn at Home

Scientific Crime Detection is inexpensive to learn. It's a thrilling occupation for which you can train in your spare time. It's a science—a real science, which when mastered **THROUGH HOME STUDY TRAINING** gives you something no one can **EVER** take from you. As long as you live you should be able to make good in scientific crime detection. "We will teach you **Finger Print Identification—Firearms Identification—Police Photography—and Criminal Investigation.**" That's what we told the men who now handle those jobs in Identification Bureaus. And now we repeat, but **THIS** time it's to **YOU**... Just give us a chance and we'll train you to fill a good position in the fascinating field of scientific crime detection.

NOW IS THE TIME TO START!

New Bureaus of Identification are being established right along. Naturally, the need for more well trained **Finger Print Experts** is evident. Fit yourself now to hold down a fine job as a recognized technician in **Crime Detection**. You can learn this fascinating profession in your own home and you can pay as you learn.

FREE!

"BLUE BOOK OF CRIME"

It's a thriller, filled from cover to cover with exciting information on scientific crime detection. It tells about some of the most interesting crimes, and how the criminals were brought to justice through the very methods which you are taught in the I. A. S. course. You can get started on this important training, at low cost, and without delay. The book will tell you how. Don't wait. Clip the coupon and send it along **TODAY**. No salesman will call.

INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE

(A Correspondence School Since 1916)

Dept. 5251 1920 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

Clip and Mail Coupon Now

INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE

Dept. 5251 1920 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

Gentlemen: Without obligation, send me the "Blue Book of Crime," and complete list of Identification Bureaus employing your students or graduates, together with your low prices and Easy Terms Offer. (Literature will be sent **ONLY** to persons stating their age.) No salesman will call.

Name.....

Address.....RFD or Zone.....

City.....State.....Age.....

Are YOU Getting The MOST Out Of



YOU?
LOVE?
HAPPINESS?
SATISFACTION?

EVERYONE should feel CONFIDENT and be SUCCESSFUL. GREAT DISCOVERIES — SCIENCE DOES KNOW the REASONS WHY many people do not feel as enjoy the THRILLS of a wonderful ROMANCE. Is YOUR life in romance, exciting and enjoyable? Don't LOSE your YOUNG Wonderful Confidence, Satisfaction and Happiness? FREE DETAILS! FREE INFORMATION! ACT NOW! Send Your Name and Address to NEW LINE PSYCHODYNAMICS 214 W JACKSON BLVD. CHICAGO 4 ILLINOIS DETAILS MAILED IN PLAIN ENVELOPE

NOW SAVE \$7.20 on new MORELCO

MEN'S ELECTRIC SHAVIN

Latest model, brand new and fully guaranteed. Complete with case, cord and cleaning brush. Regularly retails at \$14.95. Our price \$17.75 postage paid. All orders filled within 24 hours. Your money back if you are not fully satisfied. Send check or money order to 1008 68062, PSC, Box 367, Box 712, St. Louis 2, Mo.

HUNTERS! CONFISCATED MODEL "MM" RUSSIAN RIFLES '14'S

IDEAL FOR BIG GAME
The Russian and the German...
GOLDEN STATE ARMS CORP., 237 Broadway Bldg., 1125 E. Colorado Street, Pasadena 1, Calif.

GIVE THE GIFT OF LANGUAGE
IT'S FUN TO LEARN

4 LINGUAPHONE
The World's Standard Conversational Method
SPANISH (American), FRENCH, GERMAN, JAPANESE, ITALIAN, RUSSIAN, MODERN GREEK
any of 34 languages available for FREE TRIAL at HOME
A Linguaphone Recorded Language Set is a lasting gift for young and young ladies...
YOU CAN SPEAK IN 30 DAYS, MAY

Try LINGUAPHONE's ability, unparalelled results and your LINGUAPHONE teacher program. ANY HOME use, even if you are too busy to speak English now before you want to learn.

NO MATHS CAN TEACH YOU TO SPEAK
Only LINGUAPHONE brings it to 12 of the world's best native language teachers, like your own. You hear both men and women speak about everyday matters in their native tongue. YOU understand. YOU SPEAK correctly as they do. It's the thing to master every day.

LINGUAPHONE is used "round the world by students, government, business firms. Over a million homestay students of all ages have learned another language this ideal conversational way."
SEND TODAY FOR THE FREE BOOKLET describing "The Gift of Language" also details on how you may obtain a COMPLETE Course set in the language you choose as FREE TRIAL. Linguaphone Division, 7-40-4000 New York 26, New York 26.

LINGUAPHONE DIVISION **7-40-4000**
7-40-4000 New York 26, New York 26, N. Y.
Please send me ☐ Details on FREE TRIAL ☐ Details on 30 DAY TRIAL
My language interest is ☐ Spanish ☐ French ☐ German ☐ Japanese ☐ Italian ☐ Russian ☐ Modern Greek
Name
Address
City State Zip
How did I learn of this?



*Sweet
And
Lethal*
Her story
of murder was
'different'
By DOUG BARNES

A BEAUTIFUL, blue-eyed blonde walked into a police station in Atlanta, Georgia, and told the officer-in-charge that she had just stabbed her sweetheart with a pair of scissors. She said his dead body was now lying on the floor of a local hotel.

Then she added, tearfully, that the dead man was not her husband. The officer-in-charge sighed. The old story was here again.

Police immediately began an investigation . . . but ran up against a stone wall. Something was all wrong with the pretty girl's story. At the hotel where the crime supposedly took place, the manager said he knew nothing about any murder, had no dead guests on the premises, and had never seen the blonde in the company of any man except her husband. The couple had been registered at the hotel for about two weeks. They were from Chicago and were vacationing.

Questioned again by police . . . and now also faced by a handsome, but angry husband . . . the blonde laughed the whole thing off.

"I just wanted to see how the police would act when a good-looking woman confessed to a murder," she told detectives. "I really didn't kill anyone. I made the whole story up."

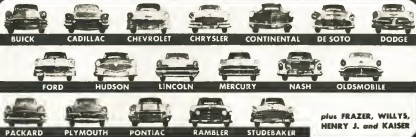
Police promptly locked her up, on the possibility that she was either nuts or had been wasting their time for some publicity stunt. They also scheduled her for a mental examination.

Commented one officer, "Well, this murder is sure 'different'."

The woman's husband, trying to explain his wife's unusual behavior to annoyed cops, said, "She's done this before."

Later police released the blonde — after a stern lecture about wasting their valuable time.

THE END



Tune Up, Pep Up, Fix Up ANY CAR!

NOW! Even beginners can handle practically ANY job on ANY make, model or part!



**Chilton Shows
You How in this
GIANT NEW
4 3/4 lb. EDITION**

**of the world's
most famous car
repair manual**

**BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST
AUTOMOTIVE PUBLISHER**



**Keep 'em running
like clockwork!**

There's a secret to fixing cars . . . and this world famous Chilton "ALL CARS" Manual is it! With it, you can handle practically any job faster, easier and better than you may have dreamed.

From engines to transmissions . . . from power steering to overdrives . . . from carburetors to ignitions . . . it tells you just what you need to know . . . shows almost every operation step by step in almost 3000 big, clear pictures. Using your Chilton Manual is like having the 19 Chilton experts who prepared it standing beside you. Just follow their simple instructions and it is next to impossible to go wrong . . . even on the toughest jobs!

PRACTICE 10 DAYS . . . FREE

No guess work! No lost time! Just look up the make, model and part you want to fix. Trouble-shooting charts help you locate what's wrong. Then every step of making needed repairs or adjustments is explained in a way you're sure to understand. "Minor" details, often so puzzling to beginners, are made crystal clear.

You'll find this giant Manual in almost every car shop . . . because it saves loads of time even for the experts. You'll find it in schools, in Army-Navy training . . . and wherever beginners are fixing CARS BECAUSE IT MAKES EVERY JOB SO EASY TO DO.

From beginning to end, the Chilton "ALL CARS" Manual is a complete practical working guide by Chilton's Motor

Age and Automotive Industries magazine experts. It is based on actual shop experience. It shows how to handle jobs with standard tools under ordinary conditions.

You learn work-saving shortcuts. You learn what mistakes to avoid. In many cases, Chilton even takes into account the wear of parts on old cars and gives you "wear adjusted" specifications for best possible car performance. Covers every model of above 22 leading makes from 1940 through 1956—over 650 models in all.

Contains over 800 pages; 53 Trouble-shooting Charts; 397 Quick Check Data Tables; almost 3000 specially-taken pictures; And thousands upon thousands of parts and repair specifications.

Gives how-to-do-it instructions on jobs like these for EVERY model of the above cars from 1940 to 1956:

Alignment; Seat Adjusters; Automatic Windows; Axles; Bearings; BRAKES; CARBURETORS; CLUTCHES; COOLING; Crank Shafts; Cylinders; DIFFERENTIALS; Drive Shafts; Electric Taps; ENGINES; Frames; FUEL PUMPS; GENERATORS; Hairs; IGNITIONS; Knocks; Oil Seals; Overhauling; OVERDRIVES; Pistons; POWER STEERING; Radiators; REGULATORS; Shock Absorbers; SPEEDOMETERS; STARTERS; STEERING; TUNING; Tire Wear; TRANSMISSIONS; VALVE-UPS; Universal; VACUUM PUMPS; Valves; Wipers; WIRING . . . and all the rest!

MAIL COUPON! See for yourself how easy it is!

Dept. K-37 THE CHILTON COMPANY, 5605 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 39, Pa.
Send me the giant new 4 3/4 pound CHILTON "ALL CARS" SERVICE MANUAL (Price \$6.95) for 10-day FREE EXAMINATION. If I like Manual, I will then promptly remit \$1.95 (plus 45c postage and handling); then send \$2.50 each month for two months. Otherwise, I will return Manual postpaid in 10 days and owe you nothing.

SAVE!

Name.....

Address.....

City, Zone, State.....

Send \$4.95 with order and we pay postage-handling charge. 10-day return privilege with money refunded.

(Outside U.S.A.—Price \$8.95 cash with order. 10-day return privilege with money refunded.)

Chilton Books are sold by leading book stores



JUST LIKE A WOMAN!

There's no understanding the female mind when it comes to love.

MR. AND MRS. Robert Ansel and their 12-year-old son had just returned to their farm outside Kuhntown, Pennsylvania, when two masked men stepped from behind the bushes in front of the house.

They ordered Ansel to hand over his wallet. One of the holdup men carried a gun. He pointed it menacingly at Ansel, who still had his hand on the car door.

Ansel handed his wallet to the gunman. As he did, his wife and son began backing toward the porch. The gunman suddenly fired several times at Mrs. Ansel. She screamed and fell to the ground.

Ansel started toward his wife but was stopped by the gunman. "Let her be," the man said. "You get into the car."

Terrified, Ansel got back into his car and was joined by the holdup men. Seconds later the car roared out of the front yard and headed in the direction of Kuhntown.

Young Ansel ran to neighbors for help. Soon after, an ambulance was at the farm and Mrs. Ansel was rushed to the hospital for emergency treatment. She had been shot in the

jaw, chest and abdomen.

Sheriff Thomas arrived at the farm about the time the ambulance was pulling out.

Young Ansel gave an excited account of what had happened. He had barely finished his story when the senior Ansel burst into the room. He'd been released by his captors about a mile up the road.

Ansel could add little to his son's story. He never carried much money in his wallet, he had no idea who the gunmen were and he could not understand why they suddenly fired at his wife.

The only clue available was the tire tracks from Ansel's car leading from the farm toward Kuhntown. The tires were well-worn and left a distinctive track.

Sheriff Thomas bopped in his car and followed the tracks. They ended about two miles down the road. A short distance away, however, another set of tire tracks began. But these faded out when the road turned into a main highway.

Sheriff Thomas returned to where the tracks of Ansel's car ended. Scouting the nearby woods, he found Ansel's automobile. It had

been driven into the bushes.

It was obvious what had happened. The bandits had abandoned Ansel's car and taken off in their own, which they had parked nearby.

Sheriff Thomas felt there was only one reason why the bandits had switched cars; they must live somewhere in the neighborhood and knew the Ansels would recognize their car.

As Sheriff Thomas returned to town, he puzzled over two interesting questions: why had the bandits shot Mrs. Ansel and why had they taken Ansel with them? They needn't have done either. They had the wallet and could have made a quick getaway. Nothing Ansel or his wife could have done would have stopped them.

Interesting questions without answers . . . for the present.

The next morning, Sheriff Thomas received a phone call from Clarence Brodderick, a farmer. He'd found an abandoned car on his property that morning and he'd heard about the shooting over the radio and he thought the car might

(continued on page 72)

AT LAST!

A NEW AND DIFFERENT KIND OF HOSPITAL-MEDICAL-SURGICAL INSURANCE TO AGE SEVENTY-FIVE!

YOU MUST COLLECT

...either in Benefits or in Cash Refund

6 GREATLY NEEDED FEATURES NEVER BEFORE COMBINED IN 1 "HOSPITALIZATION" POLICY

YOU GET ALL THESE ADVANTAGES:

1. It cannot be cancelled or discontinued by the company, even if you become a "poor risk"

A revolutionary feature for a low rate accident and health policy: only you can cancel the policy! As long as you pay the premiums, the policy remains in force to age 75 or until the full face value has been paid.

2. Rates cannot be raised...ever!

Even if you insure a small child, the low, low infant rate will never be raised when he reaches manhood or old age.

3. It accumulates "cash value" for you or your heirs

If you drop this policy anytime after the second year, the company will pay you a contingent premium refund in amounts which are plainly printed on the policy. If you die, the cash value is paid to your heirs.

4. Benefits never can be reduced

Benefits listed in NC 701 can never be reduced. The policy remains—unchanged—until age 75 or until the full face value has been paid in benefits.

AND THEN THIS MONEY-BACK REFUND!

5. You receive the full face value of your policy in benefits or refund!

By keeping your policy in force, you must collect the full face

value in benefits when you are sick or hurt, in cash as a contingent premium refund if you stay well, or in a combination of the two at maturity.

...WITH ALL THIS PROTECTION, TOO!

6. All five of the costs of sickness or accidental injury are covered

NC 701 pays from \$3000 to \$7500 for women and from \$2500 to \$5000 for men depending on your age at time of insurance. It includes specified amounts for:

1. Hospital Room and Board. (including general nursing care).

2. Doctor's Bills at specified rates. In or out of the hospital.

3. Surgeon's Fees at specified rates. In or out of the hospital.

4. Hospital Extras (oxygen, iron lung, ambulance service, etc.).

5. Medicines prescribed by your doctor. In or out of the hospital.

The exact amounts available are clearly printed in your policy. The only limit on the total amount you can collect is the face value of the policy. Exceptions, limitations and waiting periods are clearly stated in the policy.

***Only Bankers Life & Casualty Company Offers Policy NC 701**

The few exceptions—mental illness, acts of war, simple rest cures, etc.—are clearly stated in the policy. Hernia, heart disease, tuberculosis, tonsilectomy, etc., covered when originating six months after issuance of the policy. Benefits for other illnesses that begin 30 days after date of policy; benefits for accidental injury begin from the first day. Policy NC 701 is not yet available in all states. Send name today. See if you are eligible.



"And John says that if he stays well, he will get \$5000.00 back!"

AND THAT IS ONLY ONE OF THE SIX UNUSUAL FEATURES NEVER BEFORE OFFERED THE AMERICAN PUBLIC AT SUCH LOW RATES

BANKERS LIFE & CASUALTY COMPANY again dares to challenge the entire Insurance Industry—by offering the public a sickness and accident policy so different that every reader will want to get every detail of every outstanding feature. Forget everything you've ever heard about "hospitalization" insurance. This remarkable new policy, NC 701—which many insurance experts say in 10 years ahead of its time—will not only help pay the bills when you are sick or hurt: *it will even pay you money back if you stay well!* If you keep your policy in force, you must collect every cent of the face value—whether you are sick or well! NC 701 is guaranteed renewable to age 75 or until the face value of the policy has been paid to you. Mail the coupon for details of the benefits and costs that apply at your present age. There is no charge for this information now or ever, and no obligation to buy.

An Old Line Legal Reserve Life Company

INCORPORATED IN NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK. CAPITAL AND RESERVES OVER \$100,000,000.00. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE LISTED.

BANKERS LIFE & CASUALTY CO.

NEW YORK OFFICE: 60 WALL STREET, NEW YORK 10038

MAIL THIS "FREE INFORMATION" COUPON

This is not an application for insurance. It is merely your request for free information. No obligation.

BANKERS LIFE & CASUALTY COMPANY
Dept. 4408
4444 W. Lawrence Ave., Chicago 20, Illinois

Gentlemen: Please supply me with information on rates and benefits available to me under your new policy NC 701. I understand there is no charge or obligation. I was born in the year _____

MR, MRS, or MISS _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE or _____ STATE _____

HOME OFFICE: CHICAGO 20, ILLINOIS # 0237

Think you know your women in crime? Then try your hand . . . or rather, your memory . . . with this photo quiz. See if you can identify these five infamous murderers, from the pictures and brief clues to their crimes. They all made headlines in their day. Rate yourself as follows: 5 correct, good; 3 or 4 correct, fair; less than 3, better read **WOMEN IN CRIME** more regularly

(For answers turn to page 64)



1. She had two passions: a young Latin lover and easy money. She prompted her lover to meet women through Lonely Hearts clubs, then helped him to kill them after he had taken all their money.



2. One of America's most notorious gunmolls, she smoked cigars, handled a gun like a sharpshooter. She was lover and partner of badman Clyde Barrow, boasted they topped James Boys.



3. First woman to be executed in California's gas chamber at San Quentin, she and two accomplices killed an unreliable member of her youthful gang. Her regol nickname was "The Duchess."



4. Young and pretty, she killed two ex-roommates, hacked up their bodies, sent them to Coast in trunk, thus gaining fame as a trunk murderess. She made later news by escapes from asylums.

A WOMEN IN CRIME

PHOTO QUIZ



5. She took part in the incredible kidnap-slaying of a six-year-old youngster, son of a wealthy Kansas City auto dealer. She also helped collect \$600,000 ransom, paid for crime in gas chamber.

★ Champagne Loungers

#1308 DRESSY BATH

Line of attractive French bath suit. A matching high neckline back covering. Black lining up to back. Long low, flowing skirt. Black and white. Size 32 to 34. \$4.95

#1310

#736

#1316 FRENCH FASHION

French style bath suit. Black and white. Long low, flowing skirt. Black and white. Size 32 to 34. \$4.95

#781

#1317 SCARLET BATH

Scarlet and black. Short skirt. Black and white. Long low, flowing skirt. Black and white. Size 32 to 34. \$4.95

#1318

#1319 BATHING

The most popular of bath suits. Black and white. Long low, flowing skirt. Black and white. Size 32 to 34. \$4.95

Flirty Fashions

#1320 BLANCHED BATH

Blanchon style. Long low, flowing skirt. Black and white. Size 32 to 34. \$4.95

#1321

#1322 TIGHT TIGHT

Tight fitting. Long low, flowing skirt. Black and white. Size 32 to 34. \$4.95

#1323

#1324 TIGHT TIGHT

Tight fitting. Long low, flowing skirt. Black and white. Size 32 to 34. \$4.95

#1325

#1326 TIGHT TIGHT

Tight fitting. Long low, flowing skirt. Black and white. Size 32 to 34. \$4.95

#1327

#1328 TIGHT TIGHT

Tight fitting. Long low, flowing skirt. Black and white. Size 32 to 34. \$4.95

#1329

#1330 TIGHT TIGHT

Tight fitting. Long low, flowing skirt. Black and white. Size 32 to 34. \$4.95

#1331

#1332 TIGHT TIGHT

Tight fitting. Long low, flowing skirt. Black and white. Size 32 to 34. \$4.95

#1333

#1334 TIGHT TIGHT

Tight fitting. Long low, flowing skirt. Black and white. Size 32 to 34. \$4.95

#1335

#1336 TIGHT TIGHT

Tight fitting. Long low, flowing skirt. Black and white. Size 32 to 34. \$4.95

#1337

#1338 TIGHT TIGHT

Tight fitting. Long low, flowing skirt. Black and white. Size 32 to 34. \$4.95

#1339

#1340 TIGHT TIGHT

Tight fitting. Long low, flowing skirt. Black and white. Size 32 to 34. \$4.95

#1341

Make Her Over... to please YOU!

in
Frederick's
Hollywood
Fashions

French Lines

#1342 BETTER BATH

Better bath suit. Long low, flowing skirt. Black and white. Size 32 to 34. \$4.95

#1343

#1344 BETTER BATH

Better bath suit. Long low, flowing skirt. Black and white. Size 32 to 34. \$4.95

#1345

#1346 BETTER BATH

Better bath suit. Long low, flowing skirt. Black and white. Size 32 to 34. \$4.95

#1347

#1348 BETTER BATH

Better bath suit. Long low, flowing skirt. Black and white. Size 32 to 34. \$4.95

#1349

#1350 BETTER BATH

Better bath suit. Long low, flowing skirt. Black and white. Size 32 to 34. \$4.95

#1351

#1352 BETTER BATH

Better bath suit. Long low, flowing skirt. Black and white. Size 32 to 34. \$4.95

#1353

#1354 BETTER BATH

Better bath suit. Long low, flowing skirt. Black and white. Size 32 to 34. \$4.95

#1355

#1356 BETTER BATH

Better bath suit. Long low, flowing skirt. Black and white. Size 32 to 34. \$4.95

#1357

#1358 BETTER BATH

Better bath suit. Long low, flowing skirt. Black and white. Size 32 to 34. \$4.95

#1359

#1360 BETTER BATH

Better bath suit. Long low, flowing skirt. Black and white. Size 32 to 34. \$4.95

#1361

#1362 BETTER BATH

Better bath suit. Long low, flowing skirt. Black and white. Size 32 to 34. \$4.95

#1363

#1364 BETTER BATH

Better bath suit. Long low, flowing skirt. Black and white. Size 32 to 34. \$4.95

#1365

#1366 BETTER BATH

Better bath suit. Long low, flowing skirt. Black and white. Size 32 to 34. \$4.95

#1367

#1368 BETTER BATH

Better bath suit. Long low, flowing skirt. Black and white. Size 32 to 34. \$4.95

#1369

#1370 BETTER BATH

Better bath suit. Long low, flowing skirt. Black and white. Size 32 to 34. \$4.95

#1371

#1372 BETTER BATH

Better bath suit. Long low, flowing skirt. Black and white. Size 32 to 34. \$4.95

#1373

Hollywood Honeydoers

#735

#736

#737

#738

#739

#740

#741

#742

#743

#744

#745

#746

#747

#748

#749

#750

#751

#752

#753

#754

#755

#756

#757

#758

#759

#760

#761

#762

#763

#764

#765

#766

#767

#768

#769

#770

#771

#772

#773

#774

#775

#776

#777

#778

#779

#780

#781

#782

#783

#784

#785

#786

#787

#788

#789

#790

#791

#792

#793

#794

#795

#796

#797

#798

#799

#800

#801

#802

#803

#804

#805

#806

#807

#808

#809

#810

#811

#812

#813

#814

#815

#816

#817

#818

#819

#820

#821

#822

#823

#824

#825

#826

#827

#828

#829

#830

#831

#832

#833

#834

#835

#836

#837

#838

#839

#840

#841

#842

#843

#844

#845

#846

#847

#848

#849

#850

#851

#852

#853

#854

#855

#856

#857

#858

#859

#860

#861

#862

#863

#864

#865

#866

#867

#868

#869

#870

#871

#872

#873

#874

#875

#876

#877

#878

#879

#880

#881

#882

#883

#884

#885

#886

#887

#888

#889

#890

#891

#892

#893

#894

#895

#896

#897

#898

#899

#900

#901

#902

#903

#904

#905

#906

#907

#908

Blood spatters the bedroom
floor around corpse of man
who knew too many women.



Women In Crime HEADLINE CASE

BAD TIME for BETTY!

Illicit sex
pays off in a shocking
double murder...

By Loy Warwick

IT'S MIGHTY NICE country down around Charlotte, North Carolina. But we're thinking mostly about a little way out, the town of Hickory, a few miles over to the northwest; and Lincolnton, seat of Lincoln County, just a whoop and a holler from Charlotte in the same general direction; and a farm near Vale...

This is good hunting country, very rustic and rural. Shotgun country, you might call it. Any youngster who hasn't learned to operate a scattergun by the age of 12, say, is considered retarded, and in danger of winding up a city-slicker, or even in politics.



Petite, blue-jeaned killer
is taken to sheriff's office.



Murder victim's photo and that of his wife rest on mantel.

There's something else peculiar about this territory, too, which has a bearing on the case we are about to present.

You don't read or hear much about divorcees in this region, or about philandering husbands (or wives) getting sued, or about co-respondents being "named." People down this way are more direct in such matters. They don't bother much with lawyers and motions and restraining orders.

They don't, at least, until "after the fact," when the case is far beyond the jurisdiction of the civil courts, and the District Attorney has already begun canvassing the jury concerning their views on capital punishment.

A glance at the record for July 9th—the important date in this narrative—shows that in Burlington, northeast of the Charlotte area, a man with the improbable name of Jesse James had been appointed chief of the 50-man police force.

In Concord, a posse of 30 well-armed citizens were reported scouring Cabarrus County for a pack of wild dogs, which had been terrorizing residents and slaughtering livestock.

In Hickory, law officers were trying to track down the burglars who broke into a restaurant and got away with \$500.

The case of shapely, ash-blond

Elizabeth Sanders Parker, however, was a little more serious. She complained that someone had broken up her home. Elizabeth, who is 25-years-old and mother of a boy, 4, and a girl, 6, got out the family shotgun . . . 12 gauge . . .

GOING BACK OVER events leading up to July 9th, Elizabeth said she had never seen her step-sister, Hazel Kathleen Rudisill, until two months before. A red-haired, symmetrically rounded charmer, Kathleen was only 17-years-old. Daughter of Elizabeth's mother's second husband, she showed up one day in Hickory. "She walked into my house," said Elizabeth, "and said she was my half-sister."

And like The Man Who Came to Dinner . . .

"She stayed there with him—while I was working nights in the mill." By "him," Elizabeth meant her 26-year-old husband, Charles Raeford Parker.

At this time, Elizabeth was the breadwinner for her family, she said. Charles Parker was unemployed, and in a position to move about pretty freely. According to Elizabeth, he did just that—moved freely in the direction of her alluring half-sister.

The worst thing, of course, from Elizabeth's standpoint, was that she

had to work nights at her job in a Hickory textile mill. But even so, (she complained,) in the daytime—"It was him chasin' and chasin' . . . Leaving me home with the kids . . ."

Nor was that all, said Elizabeth. " . . . Then comin' back to accuse me of being bad and beatin' me up."

She was talking now to Sheriff Frank P. Heavner at Lincolnton. And she said: "Then this last thing . . . I couldn't stand it no more . . ."

This "last thing," said Elizabeth bitterly, was the younger girl, pretty Kathleen with the bright red hair.

Elizabeth kept grinding away at the mill through the night, and minding the kids during the day. As for how Kathleen and husband Charlie were spending their time, Elizabeth told the sheriff: "My little brother told me about them making love in the car. He was ridin' her around, and buyin' her sandwiches . . . He didn't ever buy me nothin'. And the kids—They needed things."

Came the day, Sunday, July 1st, when Elizabeth discovered that Kathleen was no longer a guest in the house. But this didn't solve anything, because Charles Raeford Parker, her husband of nine years, the father of her two children, had also taken off.

Elizabeth didn't do anything about it then. Indeed, there wasn't much—the way it looked—she could do. But she could wait . . .

JUST PRECISELY WHEN Charlie Parker came back home, no one seemed to know. But Hickory Police Chief M. L. Little knows that Parker was there on the afternoon of Monday, July 9th.

He was there, in the bedroom, lying in a pool of blood, dead from a shotgun blast.

ELIZABETH TOLD about it. Looking at her, it was hard to swallow. Cuddled into a cute little blouse, and wearing blue jeans that clung to the soft curves of her body like a wet swim suit, it just didn't seem to add up—the thing Elizabeth had to tell.

She walked calmly into the Lincoln Police Station, and said in an even voice: "I want to report a double murder." Just like that.

It wasn't until later that she cracked, and wept, and became hysterical. Not until after she told what had happened to Kathleen . . .

After shooting Charlie Parker, Sheriff Heavner said Elizabeth told him, she left the house, got into the family car—a 1950 Cadillac—and drove 20 miles over mountain roads to Kathleen's farm home near Vale. Elizabeth pulled up in the front yard, she said, and called the girl. Kathleen came out. Elizabeth, still seated in the car, began to ask her questions.

Kathleen admitted, Elizabeth said, that her husband had told her he

loved her—"and they were going to run away to Alabama."

"I reached back on the rear seat," Elizabeth said, and got the gun, stepped out of the car, and shot her . . .

As Kathleen crumpled to the ground with a shotgun charge in her stomach, Elizabeth got back in the car—the motor had been running all the while—and drove off. She drove straight to the Lincoln Police Station to report the "double murder."

Kathleen, meanwhile, was taken to Lincoln Hospital in critical condition. Just five days later, she died.

AS ELIZABETH sat dazed in a cell in the Lincoln County Jail staring at nothing, a visitor asked kindly what she was thinking of. "Nothin'," replied the girl, listlessly smoothing the jeans. "It's all gone now . . . It's just nothin' . . ."

That same day, as she was held without bail on a charge of murder, Elizabeth was transferred to the Gaston County Jail at Gastonia, which authorities regard as better conditioned for housing women and juveniles.

The prisoner, who now had lapsed into silence, didn't seem to care one way or the other where she was being taken or what was happening to her. But on the following day she

surprised her jailers by asking them to grant her a last look at the man she had slain.

When Deputy Sheriff Jack Scrone looked at her questioningly, Elizabeth told him simply: "I think that much of him."

Escorted by Scrone and Mrs. Frank Heavner, wife of the Lincoln County Sheriff, Elizabeth rode in the back seat of a patrol car to Lincoln, where Charles Parker's body lay in a funeral home. Still clad in her jeans and a light blue blouse, she didn't speak once during the ride. She walked into the funeral home like one in a trance.

Then, flanked on either side by Scrone and Mrs. Heavner, she went slowly over to the casket and gazed down upon the form of her husband.

Almost as soon as her eyes came to rest upon the face of Charles Parker, wearing the waxen mask of death, the girl gave way to a violent storm of sobs. She ground her tear-streaked face against Mrs. Heavner, who urged her: "Come, honey, let's go sit down for a while."

BUT THE STRICKEN Elizabeth was reluctant to leave the casket. At last, however, she let herself be led away in dragging, halting steps. And all she was heard to say, in a strangled, barely audible whisper, was: "Oh, Lord—Oh, Lord, I'm sorry."

THE END

Cottage where couple's life together was blasted by shotgun.



By Stephen J. Hoyt

HAWKINS DEAN BENT over double with pain in the big bed, butting his wife as he clawed at the fire in his stomach.

"Oh, my God. Send for the doctor."

Dovie Blanche Dean, his bride of less than four months, snapped on the bedlamp and surveyed him with alarm. "What's the matter, dear?"

But the agony in Hawkins Dean's face, the tissue whiteness of his farmer's mahogany brown skin, told her that this was no time to dally with words. She wrapped her kimono tight around her lithe frame, and rushed downstairs to phone for the doctor.

"And not a minute too soon," Dr. Joseph H. Batsche had later congratulated her, when Hawkins had been rushed to Christ Hospital in Cincinnati.

"What's wrong with him?" Dovie Blanche asked anxiously. "Hawkins has always been the healthiest of men."

Dr. Batsche looked puzzled and shrugged. "It's too early to tell yet. It could be cirrhosis, or any of several other things."

Fear contorted Dovie Blanche's broad features. "I've known Haw-

kins a long time, but we've been married such a short while. I hope God doesn't take him from me now." She began to weep.

Dr. Batsche patted her arm awkwardly. "God in his infinite wisdom knows best," he said. "But I think we can pull Hawkins through."

The twice-widowed farmer was 15 years older than his bride, who, though she had mothered several children, was in the prime of life. She had faced the growing loneliness when, separated some years from her husband, John Woolton, she had divorced him to marry Dean, and share her life with the well-to-do, retired farmer.

Hawkins, since burying his second wife and a potential third, his fiancée, had lived in solitary loneliness in the modernized farmhouse on his 68-acre farm in Owensville. He found little permanent consolation in the frequent visits of his married daughter who lived nearby, and after recovering from the grief of his fiancée's death, he had begun to court Dovie Blanche.

With his new bride's married children scattered through the Middle West, they had spent many long weekends that summer visiting and playing host. In fact, they had just returned several days before his attack from a visit to Newark, Ohio. Life had perked up considerably

for Hawkins Dean since his marriage to the younger, vivacious grass widow, and it would be a shame if he should die now.

Hawkins Dean didn't die—that is, not just yet. A week in the hospital did miracles for the farmer, restoring the nut-brown health to his cheeks and body, and his hearty, out-of-doors appetite soon restored the strength to his limbs. When he was discharged from the hospital he appeared to be in better condition than he had been for years.

The next call to Dr. Batsche came on Thursday, August 21st. It was from Hawkins' only child, Mrs. May Perry.

"Father's had another bad spell," she told the doctor. "I'm there now. Will you come quick?"

Hawkins Dean's agony was something to behold. It was far worse than his first seizure had been. And though Dovie protested mildly that she didn't think he was in shape to be removed to the hospital, Dr. Batsche phoned again for an ambulance, meanwhile attempting to alleviate the old farmer's suffering. But early Friday morning, just as the ambulance pulled into the farmyard, Hawkins Dean died.

Dovie buried her face in her hands and poured out her grief. May Perry sat in stunned silence.

(continued on page 50)

**"Pour Me Another...
Just Like The Other!"**

There was a deadly kick
in her heady love-potions—
and the groom forgot
to say when!



Partners in sex,
partners in crime,
these are
the debutante gangs
that service
the male hoods.

By Frank Sawyers

THE Hawks struck suddenly . . .
They swept down upon their
quarry yelling like a Comanche
war party, lusty for blood.

From all sides they charged,
swinging their weapons as they
came. And the air was blue with
the obscenity of their curses and
terrifying threats.

Panic engulfed the residents of
the neighborhood.

Frightened mothers ran to the
street to herd their children to safety
behind locked doors.

Eyes filled with fear peered out
furtively from the edges of drawn
window curtains.

There were a few men on the
street. But they merely stood at safe
distance. The sheer ferocity of the
attack was enough to suppress all
natural impulses to interfere.

Thus it was that the Hawks bore
down on their victims—five young
girls, walking peacefully homeward
from a church meeting.

Escape for the five was impossible.
Surrounded and overwhelmed, they
could not save themselves in flight.
Nor had they anything with which
to protect themselves. Prayer books
and dainty purses are not very
formidable weapons against such
foes . . .

The girls, the eldest among them
16, could only scream for help. But
their pitiful cries were lost in the
wild, profane shouts of the attack-
ers.

There were at least 25 Hawks in
the raiding force.



NO PLACE FOR VIRGINS!

And all were girls, following a girl leader—a ruthless gang of teenage terrorists, a mob of adolescent Amazons, bred in the savage sinks and asphalt jungles of the Big City.

The Hawks—birds of prey—justified the name they had chosen for themselves.

But whatever these girl hoodlums—hoodlumettes, gangsterettes—call themselves, all are from the same mold. Tactics and a taste for violence differ little between the Hawks and others of their kind—the Cheyenne Debs, for example, or the Young Witches and the Imperial Hoeds.

When the Hawks swooped down on the five girls they were “in uniform.”

Many of them, maturely and sturdily formed, filled out their tight, faded blue dungarees with the dramatic candor of juvenile Marilyn Monroes.

All wore leather jackets which, when flying open, revealed white shirts unbuttoned provocatively low in order not to conceal the generous proportions of their young bosoms.

It was about 9:30 o'clock on the evening of April 23rd—a Monday—when the Hawks attacked. The scene was on Lee Avenue, in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, New York.

Williamsburg, in the largest and most populous of the city's five sprawling boroughs, is something less than a center of fashion and high living. Many good people—and many very poor—live there in its teeming tenements and slum districts.

Called, sometimes, by its fanatically loyal denizens, the “City of Churches,” because there are so many of them, Brooklyn is the home of the Dodgers. But, more sinisterly, it is also internationally famed as the home of the now defunct, but never-to-be-forgotten, syndicate of professional killers and hoodlums—Murder, Inc.

Thus violence in all its forms is known only too well to the borough's nearly 3,000,000 inhabitants. But, the marauding hellcats of organized girl gangs are of relatively recent vintage, growing more vicious and more defiant with every day.

The five girls, whom the Hawks had selected for their target on this night, had departed only a short time before from the Roman Catholic Church of the Transfiguration, at Macy Avenue and Hopper Street, where they attended a confirmation meeting. And they were nearing their homes.

The Hawks, some flailing their wrists with the buckle ends of heavy garrison belts, and others brandishing knives—the rest clanging, biting and kicking—launched

their attack as the girls turned into Lee Avenue.

In the wild confusion, several of the Hawks singled out one 16-year-old. And while the defenseless, terrified girl was held at knife-point, others lashed her unmercifully with belts and rained blows on her head and body with battle-toughened fists.

The garrison belt, like lengths of chain, is standard equipment for members of girl gangs, as it is

Detectives John Burke and Robert Cavallaro, cruising in a squad car, saw the mob of unruly dungaree dolls as they entered Lee Avenue. They moved in to break it up.

As Burke leaped from the car, Cavallaro sent in a fast radio call for reinforcements.

Almost as one, the gangsterettes spotted their most despised of all enemies—cops—as Burke ran toward them.

Releasing their battered victims

the blue-jeaned she-wolf.

The girl fought like one possessed. Like a mongrel with rabies, she bit left and right, clawing, kicking, and flailing with her fists.

Then the other Hawks, seeing one of their number captured, stopped dead in their tracks, swung around, and came raging back to fall upon Burke with demonic fury.

The detective suffered more than 20 belt-buckle blows on his head and face. His cheek was laid open,

tured by Burke, Cavallaro, and the other officers who came to their aid. One of the prisoners was only 14.

The four older Hawks, who seemed very much aware of the sort of attention they received from some muscular men, a result of their form-molding dungarees, postured and strutted when brought to court. However, the youngest, no doubt to her lasting disappointment, was denied the advantage of a more adult-minded audience. She was handled by juvenile authorities.

As for the preening 16- and 17-year-olds, it was not from dismay or shock upon hearing themselves charged with felonious assault and held in \$2,500 bail that they drew in tummy-flattening breaths, and braced their shoulders. It was, rather, the automatic trick known to all “cover girls,” for instance, when extra emphasis on the bust line is desirable.

None of the five girls ambushed by the marauding Hawks escaped unscathed. And the 16-year-old singled out, was so cruelly beaten she required hospital treatment—as did Detective Burke.

“These girls are really tough,” said Burke, who has had enough experience with crime and violence in Brooklyn to speak with authority.

“It's hard to realize. But they talk just like the old mobsters and cold-blooded killers of Murder, Inc.”

Burke paused for a moment, as if weighing his words.

“There's a difference, however, in the way they talk. As vile as the Murder, Inc. mob was, their language was not anywhere near so foul and obscene as the fifth these gang-girls spew out with almost every breath.”

Meanwhile, the fearful mothers and fathers of Williamsburg pleaded with authorities for more adequate police protection from the roving bands of girl hoodlums, whose reign of terror continued unchecked.

One mother, recalling graphically how her 16-year-old daughter had been attacked and beaten by a mob of the same Hawks, was on the verge of desperate tears as she asked:

“Why don't the police send us more protection against these wicked girls?”

“We need more policemen to watch the neighborhood. There's only one thing these gang girls are afraid of—and that's a uniform. When they see a uniform, they run for cover.”

About a month before the Hawks made their savage assault on Catherine Brown and her friends, another young girl—alone against the gang—was kidnapped and taken to a den of wild and starving beasts.

Only five of the Hawks were cap-

name, and begged that her identity not be disclosed.

“They told me after they beat me up, she said, ‘that if I ever talked, they'd get the Leebops after me.’”

The Leebops are a gang made up of both boys and girls whose crimes and unprovoked attacks upon children—some of them as young as 10 and 12—have made them feared throughout Williamsburg and in adjacent areas, as well.

As is often the case, girl gangs are allied with boy gangs. Earlier in the sinister rise of hoodlumism among juveniles, girls were cast more in the role of “camp followers,” and were always available—and eager—to serve as partners in sex as well as in crime.

Such relationships still exist, of course. As does the custom of “breaking in” new feminine talent, when it comes to the boy gang in the form of girls innocent of the more realistic phases of sex.

Thus, not a few young girls, having allied themselves with gangs, and failing to fully understand what they expected, are, brutally inducted into the mysteries of sex by mass rape.

In time, the girls become not only the steady lovers of one and, frequently, more than one, gang member. They develop into dependable weapon-bearers and, among the more unfortunate, bearers of illegitimate babies, also.

The “independent” girl gang is comparatively new on the juvenile scene, however.

Such mobs of ferocious young females—and they are prowling the streets in virtually every large city, and numerous small ones—are composed entirely of girls and are bossed by girls.

As in all areas of crime, however, the bands of hoodlumettes have “connections”—there are always gangs of teen-age thugs upon whom they can call for assistance when needed (which is rarely). And, of course, in exchange, the girls stand ready to reciprocate.

Unlike boy gangsters, who go in for a variety of criminal activities, robbery and dope-pushing included, the girl hoodlums seem organized for no other purpose than to inflict violence upon weaker members of their own sex.

And, of course, they carry on warfare with rival gangs.

Echoing the words of Detective Burke, a Denver, Colorado, police-woman, referring to such inter-gang clashes, said:

“They're tough. None of their fights end until someone is severely hurt. They fight with knives, teeth, fingernails and any other weapon at hand.”

“As for a code—they have none. (continued on page 44)



While the terrified girl was held at knife point, the others loomed at her.

among their male counterparts. The belt, however, is not sufficiently deadly in its “natural” state—as the buckle edges are honed to razor sharpness and become awesome instruments that leave gaping wounds, scarring and mutilating.

The Hawks might well have murdered their five helpless victims, instead of merely spilling their blood upon the pavement. Had they not been interrupted by the chance appearance on the scene of two New York City detective officers.

with parting blows, and trampling over their prostrate bodies, the Hawks scattered.

Fourteen of the original attack party of 25 fled up Middleton Avenue, shouting defiance and hurling insults, in an inconceivable manner as they ran, turning over garbage cans to impede the pursuing detectives.

Burke, who was in the lead—Cavallaro having been delayed just long enough to radio for help—overtook one of the girls and grabbed

and one eye was closed.

How much more seriously Burke may have been injured, if reinforcements had not arrived within minutes, may not be apparent to the average reader. But any cop who has been forced to deal with the like of these gang girls, who have seen their bold eyes narrowed to blazing points of murderous hatred, knows what he is up against—and would almost sooner step naked into a den of wild and starving beasts.

Only five of the Hawks were cap-

MY KNIFE CUTS DEEP!

A man-hungry
cutie
leaves behind
a blood-red
clue
to murder!

When he refused to marry her their
quarrel was violent, with fatal effects.



CHIEF OF DETECTIVES Michael Orecchio looked around the basement. Then he turned to watch Dr. Gilady examine the body that lay on the floor.

It was the body of Mrs. Sadie Schultze, a stout, heavy-set woman in her middle fifties. There were deep cuts and bruises on her head, chest and shoulders.

Orecchio turned to Detective Milt Byrnes. "Post some men around the grounds," he directed. "If there are any footprints, I want to see 'em." Byrnes nodded and left.

Dr. Gilady looked up from the body and said, "This woman sure took a terrific beating. Some of those wounds are several inches deep."

"What kind of a knife was used?" "Judging from the wounds, I'd say it was a bread knife. There are also a number of odd bruises on her face and neck. I can't figure out what kind of a weapon made them. It was something blunt and wielded with considerable strength and power."

"How long has she been dead?"

"It's seven-thirty now. Around five o'clock or a little later would be a good guess. I'll know better after the autopsy."

By Fred W. Johnson

"I've sent to Jersey City for some lab men," Orecchio said. "They'll be here soon."

Orecchio turned and went up the winding stairway to the kitchen. The table, he observed, was set for three. On the stove were several aluminum pots containing uncooked vegetables. A glass coffee pot covered one unlit burner. It was obvious that the murdered woman had been interrupted in her preparation of the evening meal.

The big detective strode into a nicely furnished living room. A heavy-set, moustached man in his late 50's occupied one chair, his head in his hands. Across the room a tall, thin-faced young man sat staring into space. Orecchio pulled up a chair and sat down.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Schultze," he said, "but your wife was murdered. That means questions. When did you see your wife last?"

"I left the house this morning about nine o'clock," Schultze said. "I have an office on Walker Street—I'm in the construction business with my son—business was unusually heavy today and I didn't close up

(continued on page 42)



Detective inspects scene in cellar where Mrs. Sophie Scholtze was murdered.



LADY on

By Godfrey Benton

POLICE officials found the Bender apartment on a secluded back street in Cleveland, Ohio, on the morning of March 29th, in a bloody shambles.

The crimson gore, as though sprayed by the blade of a giant fan, was everywhere—on the floor, on the walls, on the ceiling.

"A terrible sight," Dr. Samuel Gerber, Cuyahoga County coroner, said grimly. "This room is like a slaughter-house."

Detective Sergeant James Hogan, lean-figured veteran chief of the homicide squad, agreed with him. He gave up his scrutiny of the room and turned to the corpse of Steve Bender on the bed.

Bender lay sprawled on his back, his legs twisted beneath him, in a heap of blood-soaked bedclothes. His face, a broken, hattered pulp, was unrecognizable.

Hogan grimaced. "How long has he been dead?" he asked.

Dr. Gerber shrugged. "Four—possibly five—hours."

The homicide chief glanced at his wristwatch. It was only a few minutes past six in the morning. That would place the time of the slaying sometime between one and two.

"Doesn't it strike you as peculiar that it wasn't reported earlier?" the coroner asked quietly. He bent over the still figure and hushed himself with his preliminary examination.

"No," Hogan said. "A man's head doesn't make any noise when it cracks open, and the noise from the tavern directly below us would have drowned out any noise the killer might have made."

He turned away from the sight of the cadaver and studied the room again. It was, except for the splattered blood, meticulously neat. The carefully folded trousers on the

chair had not been disturbed. The bureau had apparently not been touched; the contents of the drawers were still carefully arranged.

HE TURNED ABRUPTLY and walked from the room, closing the door securely behind him. The corridor floor creaked as he walked down its length to the living room where a half dozen persons were gathered.

Freed nodded, glanced down at Julia Bender, a tall, attractive brunette, still in her pajamas, sat slumped in a chair and sobbed inconsolably. Beside her, clutching her hand, tears streaming down his cheeks, her five-year-old son cried softly: "Don't, mommy, don't."

On the opposite side of the chair, his arm comfortably around the woman's shaking shoulders, was a sober-eyed, middle-aged man. He introduced himself as Ben Freed, owner of the Acme Tavern on the ground floor.

"You called police?" Hogan asked. The weeping woman, then wet his lips nervously.

"I was just opening up," he said, "when I heard Mrs. Bender scream. I came running up the steps. When I entered the apartment, the door was open, by the way, I found her on the floor by the bedroom door. She was hysterical. I took one look inside—" he shuddered, and finished weakly: "Then I called you."

His tavern had been open, he said,



Criminalist David Cowles examines a group of items taken from murder scene.

the Back Street

Suspicious of his every move, she kept

a lookout for the names in his little black book!

until almost three o'clock, but he hard heard no cries or other sounds from the apartment above.

Steve Bender, he explained, owned and operated the busy corner gas station. On Easter Sunday, the day before his death, he had enjoyed a particularly brisk business. He had closed the station at approximately midnight, and had stopped in the safe for a nightcap.

"Did he seem worried about anything?" Hogan asked.

"No," Freed said. "On the contrary. He was feeling particularly good. He had a pocketful of money and invited some of the boys to the bar for drinks."

"A pocketful of money?" Hogan said evenly. "Did he flash it around?"

Freed hesitated: "I suppose a number of people did see that roll of his."



Unmoved by her brutal act, the killer smiles warmly at police questioning.

Coroner Gerber entered the room rubbing his hands briskly. "If you're done in there," he inclined his head toward the bedroom, "I'll have the body removed to the morgue."

Hogan nodded. "Just one question: How much money did he have of him?"

Gerber referred to a small black notebook. "Two dollars and twenty-seven cents," he said promptly. "That was in his wallet in his rear pants pocket."

Freed looked surprised. "So that's it . . ." he said softly.

Hogan shrugged non-committally. Bender, he reflected, might have been robbed. But that vicious rain of blows smashing his head to a gory pulp told a story of another motive. Someone had hated Bender—had hated him so bitterly that the

desire for revenge could only be satisfied by brutal violence.

It was fully an hour before Julia Bender was sufficiently recovered to talk to Hogan. She had gone to a movie early in the evening with her son, she tearfully explained. They had stopped at the gas station, on the way home, to say goodnight to Steve.

"I went to bed about eleven o'clock," she continued between sobs. "I slept in the boy's room." She buried her face in her hands. "I didn't want Steve to disturb me when he came in!" she cried.

She had slept soundly, she admitted, and had not even heard her husband come in. Nor had she heard any other sounds or cries during the night. The alarm clock had awakened her at six o'clock. She had gone in to waken her husband. "I remember screaming . . ." she told



Steve Bender: mysterious little black book was found underneath his pillow.

Hogan. "I think Mr. Freed came running up. I'm not sure."

Hogan studied the face of the grieving woman. "I'm sorry to have to ask this," he said gently. "But—did Steve—" He hesitated at the look in her eyes. "I'm sorry," he said.

He excused himself as Detective Chief Joseph Sweeney beckoned him from the kitchen doorway. Hogan walked over to join his superior.

"This should answer your question," Sweeney said. He handed over a black-covered pocket notepad. "The coroner found it underneath his pillow. He didn't want to give it to you while you were talking to the woman."

The notebook, Hogan noted as he flipped the pages, was filled with the names and addresses of dozens of

women. If Bender had been intimately acquainted with even half the women listed, the detective reflected, he had established something of a new high in philandering.

Together, Sweeney and Hogan began a meticulous examination of the apartment. The four rooms were scrupulously neat. Mrs. Bender was obviously an excellent housekeeper.

In the trim, white-painted kitchen, Hogan leaned against the ironing board and talked to Criminologist David L. Cowles and his aide, Sergeant Ernest Ohlrich. The two officers from the laboratory had gone through the entire apartment, room by room, searching for fingerprints.

"Find anything?" Hogan asked. The pad of the ironing board was damp and he edged his hand over.

"Nothing," Cowles admitted glumly. "At least nothing that means anything."

He pointed to a small group of objects stacked on the kitchen drain. "We're taking those down to the laboratory for examination." He picked them up, one at a time, with a shrugging gesture. A round-headed hammer, as Cowles held it up for his inspection, interested him.

"Any fingerprints on it?" Sweeney asked.

"Plenty," Cowles grimaced. "Bender's, his wife's, the kid's, Mr. Freed's. But I doubt if it was the murder weapon. Too clean."

The investigation into the brutal murder of Steve Bender proceeded that afternoon under the direction of Hogan and Sweeney. The notebook with its list of names was turned over to Detectives Duffin and Kennedy with instructions to find out the exact relationship of these women to the victim.

A detail of officers, under the direction of Detective William McManus, visited the gas station belonging to Bender in the hope of finding a clue hidden amidst the oil cans and rags.

Sweeney and Hogan personally began a canvass of the entire area surrounding the back street. Casually asking questions, they built up a clear picture of the life of the hard-working Bender and his attractive wife, Julia.

The handsome couple were well-known and liked in the neighborhood. Steve was a congenial man who made friends easily. Julia, a likeable woman, was an amateur actress who devoted most of her free time to appearing in neighborhood theatricals. Both Steve and his wife were fond of their son, and the small family was apparently always together when Steve was not working.

The picture of the family life of the Benders, as they slowly drew it from the words of friends and neigh-

bors of the couple, served only to confuse the riddle. The cold-blooded murder of Bender seemed completely out of keeping with the pattern of his life.

"You're thinking of all those women," Hogan said with a frown. "That's what bothers me. In the dozens of people we've talked to, there hasn't been a hint of gossip connected with Bender's name. If he was fooling around with all those women, somebody must have been on to him."

When they returned to Headquarters, Detectives Duffin and Kennedy were awaiting them. But the frown on the faces of the two investigators told Hogan plainly enough that they had failed to strike pay dirt.

"It's a phony," Duffin said, and tossed the notebook on the homicide chief's desk. "Half those people listed there just don't exist; the other half are scattered all over town. None of those women will admit ever hearing of Steve Bender until they read this morning's paper."

HOGAN GAVE HIS attention to a study of the address book with its meaningless feminine listings. He was still examining it, a half hour later, when Detective McManus came in.

We found the money," McManus said. He dropped onto the desk a roll of bills tied with a string. "Over three hundred dollars," he added. "Behind the desk in a can."

Fifteen minutes later, in the second floor apartment, the officers faced Mrs. Bender. Her lips quivered as she said: "You've found something, I hope?"

"We have," Hogan assured her. "Do you want to tell us about it now?"

She stared at them in startled surprise, her dark eyes studying them. Then, running her hand dramatically across her forehead, she dropped limply into a chair. "This is in horribly bad taste," she said.

"It is," Hogan agreed calmly. "But I'm afraid you'll have to come along with us."

In the office of Chief of Detectives Joseph Sweeney, half an hour later, she continued to deny any knowledge of the murder of her husband, Steve Bender.

Hogan shook his head patiently. "No one else could have done it," he said gently. "We eliminated every possibility. Only one is left. You must have hammered Steve to death. Why?"

"You're mad!" she wept. "Absolutely mad!"

"You were clever," Hogan continued evenly. "Ingeniously clever. Yet, like your acting, there were too many amateurish touches. They

gave you away."

She stared at him open-mouthed. "What do you mean?"

"We'll take them one at a time," the detective said. "First, your apartment. It was clean, spotlessly clean."

"I always keep a clean apartment!" Julia Bender retorted.

"But with your husband lying beaten to death in the bedroom, would you then clean the apartment?"

"It was clean from the day before," she replied.

Hogan shook his head. "The bedroom was like a slaughter-house, covered with blood—the bed, the floor, the walls, the ceiling. The killer must have been covered with his victim's blood from head to feet. Yet, outside of the bedroom, there wasn't a spot of blood anywhere."

"It would have been impossible for the slayer to leave the apartment without smearing the wall, smudging the doorknobs, or staining the corridor rug."

"HE WOULD NOT, as a matter-of-fact, have dared leave the building in his blood-smeared condition. He would have stopped to wash up in the kitchen or bathroom. But he wouldn't have left the bowls spotlessly clean—as you did!"

He paused, watching the woman. Her chest rose and fell heavily; a hint of perspiration broke out on her forehead.

"The floor throughout the apartment, particularly in the corridor going by your room, creaks at the slightest footfall. It hardly seems likely that you wouldn't have wakened."

"The ironing board, when I leaned against it, was still damp. If you had used it the day before, the cloth pad would have been dry. But you

used it that morning. Why? Was it to press some clothes you had washed? And did you wash them because they were covered with—your husband's blood?"

"No," she cried. "I didn't do it. My husband was running around. He was threatened lots of times. He had a little notebook..."

"Which you prepared in advance and cunningly placed under his pillow," Hogan interrupted, "where you were positive we couldn't miss it. It was clever—but amateurish."

All resistance crumbled from her features. It was replaced by a look of hatred.

"Yes," she shouted at them, "I killed him! I hated him. I always hated him. When our first child died years ago, it was Steve's fault. I knew that someday I would kill him."

"Now he tried to take my second child away from me. He wanted a divorce, he said. He was going to take the child with him, he said. But he didn't—he didn't—he didn't!"

She broke into a fit of hysterical shouting. She was still ranting when a matron came to take her to jail.

Julia Bender signed a confession the following day.

But she never stood trial for the fiendish crime. Court psychiatrists, after examining her, declared she was hopelessly insane and incapable of determining right from wrong. She was committed, on June 9th, 1937, to the Lima Ohio State Hospital for the Criminally Insane. She is still there today, her condition worse than at the time of her commitment.

EDITOR'S NOTE: To protect a person innocently involved in this case, the name Ben Freed is fictitious as used here.

THE END



Witnessing officers surround ever-smiling slayer as she writes details of crime.

NICE GIRLS DON'T KILL...

But these two
went in for blackmail,
burglary, strange love-making,
dancing in the nude
—and worse!

By DON BRANDON

JUNE 22nd, 1934, was a pleasant day in the small town of Christchurch, New Zealand. The sun was shining and all seemed right with the world. There was no hint that this would be a day the townspeople would never forget.

The small tearoom in Victoria Park was filled with people having

their afternoon tea. At a table in the corner sat two young girls and an older woman. The girls were Juliet Marion Hulme, 15, and Pauline Yvonne Parker, 16. The woman was Pauline's mother, Honora, 45. The three chatted and drank their tea and ate bread and butter sandwiches. When they finished, the woman asked for the check, paid it, and they departed.

About half an hour later, Pauline Parker ran back into the tearoom.

Her face was flushed, and she was breathless and excited. "Whatever is the matter, dearie?" asked the tearoom hostess.

"It's Mummy," answered Pauline. "We were all walking through the park when she somehow slipped on a plank and hit her head. Her head kept bumping and banging as she fell!"

The hostess summoned the police at once, and they hurried to the nearby park. There they found Mrs. Parker lying on the ground near a plank. She was dead. The police physician later counted 69 head, face, and arm injuries. No fall on a plank had inflicted that many, nor those kind of injuries.

Police suspicions of murder were strengthened later that day when a park attendant found the murder weapon in some bushes not far from the murder scene. The weapon was a nylon stocking with a brick slip-

(continued on page 47)



WOMEN

make the NEWS!

A cross-country
photo roundup
of the weaker sex
on a crime spree

SHAKEDOWN KID

Newark, New Jersey, detectives recently grabbed a shakedown artist who had extorted \$1,000 from a terrorized victim.

The culprit was captured without gunplay.

She was an 11-year-old, fifth grade school girl and, according to police, had frightened a playmate, aged 10, into handing over a grand—which she stole from an aunt.

The younger girl said the juvenile extortionist had warned her that if she "didn't get it up," another (older and larger) miss who carried a "g-r-r-e-a-t big knife" would cut her up into very small pieces.

So, scared out of her wits, the 10-year-old sneaked the \$1,000 out of its hiding place and paid off.

When aunt discovered the wad of money missing, a lot of questions

were asked and, although the youngster admitted taking the bundle, she refused to tell what she'd done with it.

She was too scared of that big girl with the big knife.

Detectives, however, began shadowing various moppets and finally swooped down on one—who was found to be totting \$240 in her little red purse.

After a while, the suspect came clean, and gave up another \$670 she had hidden in a sneaker at home. She'd spent the difference.

Families of the two girls made up the loss, and no complaints were filed.

As for perhaps the youngest shakedown artist on record, she said she got the idea because she wanted to buy her mom a Mother's Day gift.

She did, too. Spent all of two bucks for it.

DEVIL'S WORKSHOP

One of the most intriguing alibis since Adam passed the buck to Eve for wolfing the apple, was offered recently in a Glasgow, Scotland, Sheriff's Court on behalf of a young wife charged with shoplifting.

Trouble was, argued her lawyer, she simply did not have enough to do . . .

Entering a plea of guilty to 14 counts of theft from Glasgow and Edinburgh shops for 23-year-old Jean Davidson Reid Fraser, Attorney Frank Quinn explained:

"Before her marriage, she worked on the land, kept constantly busy, and never had a single day off.

"But, after her marriage, when she came to the city and began living in furnished rooms, once she had tidied up her home, she was left with practically nothing to do.

"In this case, the devil did indeed find work for idle hands . . ."

The judge sentenced Mrs. Fraser to three months in jail, where it was expected she'd have even more time hanging on her hands, but would be offered a minimum of opportunity to divert herself in ways not allowed by law.

UNAVOIDABLE DELAY

In a small North Carolina town, recently a 14-year-old girl wasted impatiently one Sunday for a visiting pastor to leave her home.

But, it seemed to her, he stayed on and on, interminably.

The minister's family was there, too, and after dinner, everybody went out in the yard and had a fine time taking moving pictures.

The 14-year-old girl was asked to join in. But she refused and remained in the house.

Finally, the guests left—after the pastor led the two families in reading Scripture and prayer.

Nobody could remember whether the young girl prayed or not.



Accused of kidnapping and attempted murder, Mrs. Lucille Whisenand (L) and Mrs. Beatrice Winn are booked at San Diego, Calif. jail. Victim, Mrs. Ruth Latham, 51, a broker's wife, was found beaten and nude on the desert.



After a stag sex show in Los Angeles, a police raid nets three partially-draped girls who took part in performance. (R.) A vice squad cap who figured in raid leads a blonde stripper from the scene of the crime.



In Chicago, Mrs. Gladys Bynum walks between two detectives after she was found with a one-month-old baby boy she had snatched away from its crib.

And she never said. She did say, however, that before she went to church that morning, she loaded a shotgun and hid it.

It was about 8 o'clock that night, when the girl's 40-year-old father was sitting in the kitchen watching television.

The daughter came to the door with the shotgun, took aim deliberately, and blasted her father into eternity.

Authorities who questioned the girl said she told the story of the shooting calmly and without emotion.

But she said she had a good reason for killing her father.

He nagged her about not doing enough housework.



New York cops held Nelda Bogacki on charges of operating an internationally flavored call-girl racket between Chicago and New York (R.) A helpful bystander shields Nelda as she is led to a police van at the local Federal Court House.





Today her name stands in the
hall of infamy along with
Lucrezia Borgia and
Madeline Smith—
the beautiful
Florence Maybrick
who used

When her husband fell ill, Florence's bedside manner became decidedly strange.

TOO LITTLE POISON!

By James K. Vann

AN UNASSUMING, quiet-looking woman of about 50 arrived in the village of Gaylordsville, Connecticut one warm summer's day. She intended to find a modest house for herself and to live there in retirement.

A neighbor, Mrs. Austin, helped her with the arrangement of furnishings in the house she had found, which was hardly more than an abandoned woodshed. And in return, "Mrs. Chandler," as the stranger called herself, pressed upon Mrs. Austin the unexpected present of a dress trimmed in fine French lace—a wedding dress.

That night, as Mrs. Austin shook out the wrinkled old garment, a card fell to the floor. She picked it up. The card read:

Mrs. Florence Maybrick
Highland Park, Ill.

"Mrs. Florence Maybrick?" Mrs. Austin gasped. "Could it be?"

The name roused her sister, who was reading in the living room. Mrs. Austin described the woman she had helped that afternoon. There was no doubt about it! The famous,

(continued on page 60)

SHE was blonde, gorgeous—and very dead. Fierce scratches marred the beauty of her white shoulder where savage fingers had torn at the top of her dress. Underneath the girl's right hand was the black rubber grip of an old-fashioned, nickle-plated revolver. Her body lay sprawled on the floor of room 203 in a downtown rooming house.

Detective Peter Johnson of the Seattle, Washington police started at the blood stain under the body.

"It was a clean shot, right through the heart," he told his partner, Bob Newman.

Turning to Mrs. Rachel Crandon, an attractive widow in her forties and the owner of the rooming house, Johnson said, "OK, tell me the whole story from the beginning. Just take it easy and get it straight."

"All right," the woman said. "This is Brad Dunbar's room. He operates the garage on the ground floor below. The girl is Sherie Drew, his fiancée. She sings in a cabaret called the Pink Piano. Well, a little after nine tonight, I met them both in the hall, and Mr. Dunbar introduced me to her. He said he was going to get cleaned up, and they were going out somewhere for dinner.

"We chatted for a few minutes, then I went down the hall to my room. About 15 minutes later, I heard what sounded like a shot. I ran out into the hall and saw the

door to this room was open. I came in . . . and then I called you."

"Was this Dunbar guy here?"

"No one was here."

Detective Newman interrupted the questioning. He had knelt beside the body to get the gun and had spotted a black cat under the bed. He asked the landlady who owned the animal.

"That's Mr. Bendermeer's cat," Mrs. Crandon said. She, too, knelt, stretching out her hand: "Here Satin—here Satin!"

The black cat raised its back and moved toward her. As Mrs. Crandon tried to pick up the animal, she suddenly drew back with a cry of pain, staring at an ugly scratch on her wrist. The cat was a black streak as it darted from the room.

"Better put some iodine on that," Newman advised. For a moment his eyes surveyed the cuts on the dead girl's shoulder. "What was the cat doing in here, anyway?" he asked.

"Satin is always underfoot," the woman answered. "I've asked Mr. Bendermeer to keep her in his room, but he always lets her out."

Newman looked at his partner. "Is Bendermeer home now?" Johnson asked.

"I guess so," the landlady said. "I didn't see him go out."

Johnson walked to the door. "Which room is his?" he asked. "I'd like to ask this Mr. Bendermeer a couple of questions."

Founding on the door which the

woman indicated, Johnson received no answer. He tested the knob. It turned, and the door swung inward. As Detective Johnson entered, the black cat bounded in ahead of him and leaped onto the bed.

The smell of alcohol was heavy in the room. Johnson looked at the sleek, black cat which eyed him solemnly from beside the motionless figure of the fully clad man, asleep on the bed. A bottle of whiskey, almost empty, stood on the floor next to the bed.

The officer glanced at his wrist-watch and frowned. It was barely ten o'clock. Why was a young, good-looking guy like Bendermeer drunk in his room this early on a Saturday night?

The cop shook the shoulder of the sleeper. "Hey Bendermeer! Snap out of it! Wake up!"

Bendermeer opened his eyes, blinking dazedly. "W-who're you? How'd you get in here?"

"What do you know about that dead girl across the way?"

"What dead girl?" Now fully awake, Bendermeer fixed his eyes on the detective's outstretched badge. Abruptly, he sat up. "Dead girl? Hey, what are you trying to hand me, anyway?"

"A girl's been shot, right across the hall," Johnson told him. "Your cat was over there."

Bendermeer glanced at his pet. Satin moved toward him, rubbing contentedly against his arm.

By Les Williams



Sex-Lure of the

Blonde, beautiful, and very dead—
in the wrong bachelor's apartment!

BLONDE

CANARY

"I don't have no control over where Satin goes," he said. "I don't keep her locked up."

Bendermeer claimed he had not left his room since he had come home with his bottle of whisky at seven o'clock. Insisting he had heard no shot, he nonetheless admitted that he knew Sherie Drew.

"She sings at the Pink Piano," he said. "She's a vocalist. I go there with Brad Dunbar once in a while for a drink."

He said he was unaware of Sherie's presence in the house and could offer no explanation for the shooting. To his knowledge, Dunbar and Sherie were deeply in love with each other and never quarreled. Bendermeer swore that he owned no firearm, nor could he suggest who owned the nickle-plated revolver found by the girl's body.

Warning Bendermeer not to leave the house, Johnson returned to the scene of the murder. Newman was in conference with Police Chief Douglas James, and County Attorney John Thomas. They had arrived only a few minutes before with Coroner C. B. Webb who was just concluding his preliminary examination of the dead girl.

"It will take an autopsy to determine whether she was sexually assaulted," the coroner announced. "She was shot through the heart. In view of the scratches on the shoulder and the torn dress, it's not likely suicide."

"Could a cat have made those scratches?" Newman asked.

The coroner looked at him in surprise. "Possibly," he said. "I'd have to examine the cat's claws and compare them with the wounds. That's the only way to tell."

Under the supervision of Coroner Webb, the body was removed to the morgue. When he left, the coroner took Satin with him in a cardboard carton.

The murder gun, upon examination, was revealed to be a Smith and Wesson K38, with a broad hammer spur. In the chamber were five large cartridges and one exploded shell. Chief James took possession of the weapon, carefully wrapping it in a handkerchief to preserve possible fingerprints.

Just then the door opened and Brad Dunbar strode into the room. He had apparently seen Sherie's body being taken away.

"That ambulance!" he began. "Where's Sherie—what happened?"

The officers broke the news of his fiancée's murder to Dunbar. He seemed genuinely shocked.

"Where have you been for the last hour?" Chief James asked.

"At the barber's," Dunbar said. "I got a haircut. Sherie and I were supposed to go out—"

There was no doubt that Brad Dunbar's hair was freshly cut. A strong odor of hair tonic clung to him. Dunbar claimed that a little after nine he had brought his sweetheart to his room to wait for him while he ran out to the corner barbershop. He insisted he had not been alone with Sherie for more than a few minutes.

It was an alibi of sorts. Mrs. Crandon had said she heard the shot about nine-fifteen. She might have been mistaken by a few minutes in either direction. Granted that the barber vouched for Dunbar, there was a margin of a few minutes which could not be definitely accounted for.

While Johnson went over to the barber-shop, the other investigators continued questioning Dunbar. Shown the gun, he denied that he had ever seen it before.

The officers couldn't uncover a motive for the slaying. Dunbar seemed to have no reason to desire the death of the girl he expected to marry. Nor could he think of any one else with a motive. Yet the fact remained that the pretty singer actually was murdered in his room—in a house which she was visiting for the first time.

There was, of course, one distinct possibility. Bendermeer, the other roomer, had admitted to being in the house at the time of the murder. He admitted, further, that he knew the lovely night club vocalist. Was it possible that the girl had been killed while resisting his advances?

Mrs. Crandon, in her room farther up the long hall, had heard the fatal shot. Was Bendermeer actually so drunk that he had failed to hear the shot in his room just across the corridor?

The next two hours were spent in a meticulous scientific examination of the murder room. Fingerprint technicians carefully dusted for impressions. Those raised were compared with specimen prints of the occupants of the house. Most of the prints were identified as Dunbar's. Others belonged to Mrs. Crandon who cleaned the room daily. There were no impressions which could be identified as those of Bendermeer, the man across the hall.

Despite the intensity of the investigation, no clue was found to the identity of the killer. Dunbar's alibi, checked by Johnson at the barber shop, proved to be substantially true. This was not conclusive, of course, in view of the fact that Mrs. Crandon was not certain of the exact time she heard the shot.

The immediate neighborhood was canvassed by the police, with no results. No one recalled either hearing the shot or seeing any suspicious persons loitering near the Crandon

rooming house.

It was not until Sunday morning that the investigation shifted into high gear. An exhaustive inquiry was conducted into the dead girl's background. Her parents, relatives, and friends were interrogated in an effort to uncover some clue to the slayer. Friends of Brad Dunbar were also questioned. The deeper the police delved, the more mysterious the murder riddle became. Apparently Brad Dunbar was the only man in Sherie Drew's life.

No fingerprints could be found on the murder gun, nor on the highly polished cartridges in the chamber. Nor could ownership of the revolver be traced. An old-fashioned thumb-fanner, the gun was more a relic than a serviceable firearm.

None of the usual motives for murder seemed present in the Sherie Drew case. There was no indication of jealousy, revenge, or monetary gain in the wanton crime.

Chief James turned his attention to Larry Bendermeer.

The roomer's alibi was a bottle of whisky. His origins were unknown to Mrs. Crandon who told the police that although he was well provided with funds, he seemed to be without any particular occupation.

"I came into a little money," Bendermeer told police. "I follow the horses and make enough to keep going."

Chief James decided to check Bendermeer's fingerprints against the criminal files at Seattle Police Headquarters.

While this was being done, Chief James decided to find out if there was anything between the dead singer and Larry Bendermeer.

Johnson and Newman visited the Pink Piano night club and questioned friends of Sherie Drew. They agreed that Bendermeer spent a great deal of time there. Always at a front table. But there was no indication that his interest was on the glamorous side.

When Newman and Johnson questioned Bendermeer about his interest in Sherie Drew, he told them, "Sure, I liked Sherie. She was a good-looking doll. But she was Brad's girl . . . so I kept my hands off her."

Returning to Headquarters, Johnson and Newman found Chief James studying the completed autopsy report by Coroner Webb. There was no evidence that an attempt had been made to rape the young woman. A slug from the .38 caliber revolver was listed as the cause of death. The scratches on the beautiful girl's shoulder had not been made by Satin, Larry Bendermeer's black cat.

"Examination revealed that the cat's claws have recently been clipped," the report read. "Obvious-

ly, they could not have inflicted such scratches."

James frowned. "That's that," he said. "Nothing new in the report. We've still got a murder with no clues."

Newman picked up the autopsy report and read it through again, a vague uneasiness tugging at his mind. What did it remind him of? He stood for a moment in deep thought. But the answer did not suggest itself.

On Monday, the probe settled down to routine rounds of painstaking investigation. Details of police visited pawnshops and other such places where the murder gun might have been sold. They were unable to trace the weapon.

It was late that night when the Records and Identification Section reported on the request for information on Bendermeer. He had a criminal record, having served time for armed robbery in Walla Walla. He had been released from prison only three months before.

This information inaugurated a new phase of the probe. Bendermeer, in view of his criminal background, might very likely own a gun and know how to use it. In the absence of any other suspects, the investigation was centered on the ex-convict.

About two blocks from the Crandon house was a boot-blackening stand operated by one Angelo Montano. When Newman mentioned Bendermeer, the boot-black immediately confirmed that the ex-convict was a frequent patron at his establishment.

"I gave him a shine last Saturday night," Angelo said. "He's a nice guy. Always good for a quarter tip."

"What time was he here, Angelo?"

"Oh, about nine o'clock. He was my last customer. He went out and I closed up my shop."

Newman and his partner looked at each other. "You're sure of that, Angelo? Dead sure."

"Positive. Every Saturday night I stay open till nine o'clock."

This was the break for which the officers had been waiting. Larry Bendermeer was lying when he said he had arrived home at seven o'clock. He was only feigning drunkenness when Johnson came into his room on the night of the murder!

The two cops immediately went to the rooming house and to Bendermeer's room. Satin watched them from the far end of the hall as they knocked on Bendermeer's door. When Bendermeer let them

I came in here to look you over," Johnson continued.

Bendermeer sighed. "Okay," he said. "I'll tell you how it was. You're wrong about me not being drunk. When I heard that shot across the way, I got drunk fast. Shots mean cops, and a guy with a record is a setup to take the rap if he's anywhere around."

"That's all you've got to say?" Newman asked him.

The ex-convict nodded. "All right, I'll say it," he began. "You won't believe me anyway."

He told them that he heard the shot and then the sound of running feet along the corridor. Advancing cautiously to his door, he opened it and peered through the crack. Across the way he could see the sprawled body of the dead girl.

"That was all I needed to see," he concluded. "I shut the door fast and went to work on the pint. I figured maybe I could pass myself off as being drunk when the shot was fired."

"Your cat was over there in that room. How can you prove that she didn't follow you over?"

Bendermeer shrugged. "Can't prove nothing," he said. "Satin's a smart cat, but she can't talk."

Newman put forward a hand to stroke the animal. Satin lashed out and struck his hand with a paw. The officer jerked back his hand and looked for the tell-tale scratch marks. There were none.

Something clicked in his mind. Blunt claws! He remembered Coroner Webb's autopsy report. Newman turned slowly to Bendermeer.

"Don't sell your cat short, Buddy. Satin's got her own way of talking. Maybe you've got an alibi after all."

After a hurried conference, the two cops strode down the hall to Mrs. Rachel Crandon's apartment.

"How's your hand, Mrs. Crandon? You know—where the cat scratched you," Newman said.

"Coming along fine," she said. "It doesn't trouble me at all."

"It's a curious thing about that scratch," Newman went on. "When did it happen?"

The woman looked at him in surprise. "Why—you were there when it happened," she said. "You saw Satin scratch me."

Newman shook his head. "All I saw was the scratch on your hand. But I didn't see Satin scratch you. Nobody could see that."

Mrs. Crandon's face went white. "What do you mean?" she said.

"That cat was examined by the coroner right afterwards, Mrs. Crandon. Her claws were clipped. She couldn't have scratched you!"

For a moment the officer was silent while his words took their effect upon the flustered woman.

"You're smart, Mrs. Crandon,"

Death sat at a reserved table in the smoke-filled Pink Piano night club as Sherie Drew swayed in song!

Was there any way to check Bendermeer's story that he had started his solitary drinking bout in his room at seven o'clock on Saturday night? The almost empty bottle of whisky was no evidence that Bendermeer was actually in a drunken stupor when Detective Johnson visited his room. If it could be proved that he was sober, the fact that he feigned drunkenness would be significant.

"If we can only find out when he bought the liquor," Johnson said. "Or if anybody saw him in the street when he claims he was sleeping it off in his room, then we might have something."

It was not until Tuesday morning that this search yielded any results.

in, Satin brushed past the officers' legs and settled herself gracefully on the bed.

The ex-convict eyed his two visitors sullenly. "Looks like bad news," he commented. "For me."

Newman nodded. "When a guy lies to the cops, it's always bad news," he said. "We know a couple of things about you we didn't know the other day."

"Like what?"

"Like you've got a B-number," Johnson said. "Like you didn't get home until nine o'clock on Saturday night—just about the time the Drew girl stopped a lead slug across the hall."

Bendermeer looked from one of the officers to the other.

"Like you weren't drunk when

A WICKED EYEFUL!



That's what confronted this lucky male! He forgot that he was a porter and had only one eye... He availed himself of those rights which his calling gave him to act like a brute. Brutal he was accordingly — and happy!... Thus begins a gay evening session of **THE PLEASURE PRIMER**. Thousands are now enjoying *Rolling Stone's* *Midnight Fun*, and you will too, when you possess this ideal bedside companion. Here's entertainment for open minds and ticklish spines. Here's lusty, merry recreation for unquenchable men and women. Here's life with apologies to none. Collected, selected from the best there is, this saucy Primer is an eye-opener... **YOU ARE INVITED TO EXAMINE THE PLEASURE PRIMER 10 DAYS AT OUR EXPENSE. IT IS GUARANTEED TO PLEASE OR YOUR PURCHASE PRICE WILL BE REFUNDED AT ONCE!**



10-DAY TRIAL OFFER

PLAZA BOOK CO. Dept. P-373
100 Broad St., New York 4, N.Y.

Please read **THE PLEASURE PRIMER** on 10-day trial. If I'm not pleased, I get my purchase price refunded at once.

☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman 98¢ plus postage.
☐ I enclose \$1. You pay all postage.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

he continued. "Sherie Drew scratched your hand just before you shot her. You had to cover up. I've got to admit you thought fast."

The woman made no attempt to speak. Nor did she interfere with Detective Johnson as he began to search her room. He was looking for .38 cartridges to fit the murder gun. He didn't find them. Instead, he came upon a batch of letters written to the widow Crandon by Brad Dunbar. These letters revealed that the landlady and her roomer had been carrying on an illicit affair, which was disrupted when the garage owner became engaged to Sherie Drew!

The attractive widow was furious at Bart Dunbar because he had given her the brush-off. "You men are all alike," she had written. "You take what you want from a woman, then throw her over for another. Well, you're not doing that to me. Your precious Sherie isn't taking my place. I'll tell her about us... I'll see her dead... I could have killed her the other night. I went to the club and I watched her sing-

ing. And I saw you there, making a fool of yourself."

Apparently Brad Dunbar hadn't taken Mrs. Crandon's threats seriously—for he brought Sherie Drew to the house and brazenly introduced her to his former love.

Trying to piece together what had happened, police decided that after Dunbar went to the barber's, Mrs. Crandon got a gun, confronted Sherie in Brad's room, and ordered the singer to give Brad up. Sherie wouldn't and that decision led to a fight and her death.

Although Rachel Crandon denied the whole story, she was later positively identified by the clerk of a hardware store in a nearby town as the woman to whom he had sold six .38 caliber bullets.

Rachel Crandon was brought to trial on December 5th, 1938. She was convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment.

EDITOR'S NOTE: To protect the innocent persons in this case, all names are fictitious as used here.

THE END

My Knife Cuts Deep!

(continued from page 27)

until a quarter to seven. I stopped at a bar for a few beers and then I walked home. The house was dark and quiet when I got here, which worried me. I went through the rooms calling my wife's name but there was no answer. Then I went down to the cellar and found her lying there."

"Did she expect any visitors during the day?"

"Not that I know of."

"How did you get in; did you use your key?"

"No. Sadie left the back door open for me every night."

"Anybody else know about this arrangement?"

"No. Just my son, Fred, and myself. She left the door unlocked to save herself unnecessary footsteps in letting my son or me into the house."

Probing slowly, Orecchio learned quite a bit about the Schultzes. He discovered that their construction business paid off handsomely. Gus Schultz had come from Germany in 1927 with his wife and, after living for a while in Newark, they had moved to their present address on Adolphus Avenue, in Cliffside Park, New Jersey. The Schultzes

had been married for 32 years. Fred, 25, was their only child.

"Any idea who might want to kill your wife?" Orecchio asked Schultz.

"There's no one, I assure you," Schultz said. "My wife rarely went anywhere. She was always satisfied with puttering around the house. She had no time for gossiping neighbors or friends."

"Have you any valuables in the house? She might have been murdered for money."

Schultz rose dejectedly. "There's some money in our room. About \$250. I'll go up and see if it's there."

He returned in a few moments. "It's still there," he said. "Nothing's been touched."

Orecchio frowned. A thug, bent on robbery, wouldn't have overlooked such a sum of money. Somehow, though, he could not connect robbery with the blood splattered body of Mrs. Schultz. Burglars, he reasoned, might kill if cornered but not so viciously.

"Have you any enemies, Mr. Schultz?" he inquired. "Someone who might want to get even with you through your wife?"

"Definitely not," Schultz answered.

Orecchio thanked him and returned to the basement. There he found laboratory technicians trying to salvage clues. Dr. Gilady drew him to one side.

"I know now what made those bruises on Mrs. Schultz's body," he said. "They were made by a woman's high heel."

The detective's eyes widened with surprise. "Are you sure, Doc?"

Dr. Gilady nodded. "I'm positive! I treated a man only last week whose wife had beaten him up. His face had the same type of marks. He said she had knocked him down and then stomped him."

"That means that a woman killed her," Orecchio said. "No wonder money wasn't stolen. The motive was deeper."

JOHN SELSER, Assistant Prosecutor of Bergen County, arrived just then and Orecchio briefed him.

"The way I see it," Orecchio said, "Mrs. Schultz was sitting at the preserve closet here in the basement when the killer walked in the back door." He pointed to a jar of beets which lay smashed on the concrete floor. Alongside it was an overturned stool.

"It's entirely probable that the killer was friendly with Mrs. Schultz. They talked a while. Then, someone must have said something which caused a flare-up. It's my guess that the argument started over something involving Schultz."

"How come?"

"I'm not certain but I've a feeling that Schultz knows more than he's letting on."

"You don't think a hobo could have done it?" Selser asked.

"Not a chance! A hobo would've been satisfied with just knocking her out. No, whoever committed this murder hated Mrs. Schultz intensely. The viciousness of the crime clearly indicates it."

A call from Byrnes brought Orecchio out-of-doors. He found Byrnes focusing a flashlight on the snow-caked ground. "I found these prints leading from the house, chief," he said.

Orecchio examined the ground. The tiny, peg-like indentations told him that a woman's spike heel had made the clearly defined impressions.

"Dr. Gilady was right," he muttered. "A woman murdered her, all right..."

A search of the Schultz cutlery revealed that a bread knife, usually kept in a pantry drawer, was missing. Orecchio assigned detectives and uniformed men to make a thorough check of the neighborhood to find the weapon.

A technician reported finding a pair of silver-rimmed glasses under the body. Since Mrs. Schultz had not worn glasses, they had obviously been dropped by the killer during the struggle. Also found clutched in the dead woman's hand was a

tuft of soft blonde hair.

"At least we know she's a blonde," Orecchio said. "Did you find anything else?"

The technician nodded and handed Orecchio a slightly curved, oblong-shaped object. It was painted a bright cherry red.

"A woman's false fingernail," Orecchio said. "Well, we've certainly uncovered enough proof that a woman did it."

"Maybe they're red herrings, chief," Byrnes said, "to throw us off."

Orecchio shook his head. "I don't think so. The heel marks on the dead woman's face, the hair clutched in her fist and now this broken off, false fingernail indicate a passionate, life-and-death struggle. I don't think there's any doubt that a woman did it."

Plainclothesmen, returning from their canvass of the neighboring houses, brought important news to Orecchio.

One woman, who lived directly across the street from the Schultz home, testified that she had seen a well-dressed woman in her early 30's walk past the house several times before going around to the back.

"Did she see her come out?" Orecchio inquired.

"No, but she gave me a good description," the detective said. "The woman was wearing a caracul fur coat with a hat to match, patent leather bag and black, high-heeled shoes. She was safflow-complexioned and she seemed to be extremely nervous."

Another man, living near the corner of Adolphus Avenue and George Road, came forward to say that he saw a snappily dressed woman loitering around the Schultz home shortly after five o'clock that evening.

"She was blonde, in her 20's, and wore an expensive looking fur jacket. She rang the doorbell and Mrs. Schultz let her in."

"Did you see her leave?" Orecchio asked the man, who was cooperative and spoke freely to the police.

"No, but I noticed that she had a snappy blue convertible parked at the curb. A Pontiac, I think it was."

"You didn't happen to notice the license number?"

"Yes. It was a New Jersey license and the first three numbers were '346.' I don't remember the rest of it."

Orecchio instructed Byrnes to contact the State Vehicle Bureau in Trenton by phone for the name and address of the Pontiac's owner.

"The chances are that she lives either in Hackensack or Cliffside Park," Orecchio said. "So tracing a Pontiac convertible with those three numbers shouldn't be diffi-

DRESSES 55¢ EACH

MINIMUM ORDER OF 5 DRESSES

NOW READY! GORGEOUS, SMART, MODERN STYLE DRESSES FOR ALL OCCASIONS!

Now you can look smart and stylish with sensational low priced glamorous dresses that have been cleaned and pressed — in good condition for all occasions! A tremendous assortment of gorgeous new and true piece modern styles in all beautiful colors — in a variety of luxurious fabrics of rayon, cotton, gabardine, woolens, silk, etc. Exclusive dresses — original value up to \$40!

FREE! 12 Different Sets of Bathing Cost! 5 to 8 matched bottoms on each suit! Worth a few dollars — but yours FREE with dress order.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE COUPON!

1. GUILD HAT ORDER HOUSE, Dept. 124
 One of the oldest and largest mail order houses of its kind!
 103 E. Broadway, New York 2, N. Y.

Rushing 5 assorted dresses in one circle below with Free Buttons, Collar, Backband Red \$1 on post, balance C.O.D. plus postage. Money returned if not completely satisfied. (Canadian and foreign orders accepted.)

Circle Size:
 Girl's Size 7, 8, 10, 12, 14 see \$2.75
 Junior Miss Size 9, 11, 13, 15 see \$3.75
 Size 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 see \$3.75
 Size 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 see \$3.75
 Extra Large Size 46, 48, 50, 52 see \$4.75

☐ Check here to save C.O.D. fee. Send full amount with 25¢ postage.

☐ Please send FREE CATALOG FOR FAMILY

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ Zone _____ State _____

THE TRUSS THAT TOOK
2000 YEARS TO INVENT!

RUPTURE- GARD

Trademark



Pat. Pend.

No Tight Steel Bands with

RUPTURE-GARD

You'll bless the day you ordered Rupture-Gard. Gone are the old-fashioned skin chafing steel bands and rubbing leather. Instead, RUPTURE-GARD is soft and comfortable to wear, suspended from a comfortable belt around the waist.

No Hard Gouging Knobs with

RUPTURE-GARD

The old-fashioned, cruel hard knobs that dig into your rupture are replaced in this new hernia support, by a broad, flat pad of foam rubber. It's lined with skin soothing flannel and covered on the outside with cool nylon mesh. Yet, it holds your hernia as safely and comfortably as a "pair of hands."

Nothing to "Ride" on Your Hips with

RUPTURE-GARD

You wear Rupture-Gard like a pair of shorts. It's suspended from the waist. There is no tight banding, no steel or leather. Nothing to rub or chafe your hips. It's as easy to put on or take off as a pair of trousers.

Amazing
30-DAY
Money-Back
TRIAL!

Rupture-Gard requires no fitting. Order Now. Just give measure around waist.

\$9.95 Postpaid.

The Kinlen Company

889 Wyandotte St., Dept. RD-37-W, Kansas City, Mo.

It's easy to order

RUPTURE-GARD

The Kinlen Company
889 Wyandotte Street Dept. RD 37 W
Kansas City 6, Missouri
Gentlemen:

Rush me one Rupture-Gard. I understand that if I am not completely satisfied that I may return it at any time within 30 days and you will refund my purchase price. The measure around my waist is _____ inches.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

cult."

In 10 minutes, the identity of the blonde woman was known and given to Orecchio. Her name was Gloria Fullis and she lived on High Street, in Cliffside Park.

Orecchio and Byrnes sped to High Street and made their way to her apartment.

A stunning blonde opened the door.

"Yes?" she inquired.

"We're the police," Orecchio said, flashing his badge.

She smiled and invited the officers to enter a nicely furnished living room. The woman was young, beautiful. He saw that she was dressed for the street.

"Going out?" he inquired.

"Any objections?" she asked.

"That depends," Orecchio said, "on how well you know Gus Schultz."

The blonde's eyes narrowed. "I don't know him at all," she said.

"You were seen entering the Schultz home late this afternoon. You parked a Pontiac convertible outside. What was the purpose of your visit to the Schultz house?"

Her eyes remained coldly expressionless. "I was there because Mrs. Schultz wanted me there," she said. "Come to the point. What do you want?"

"Okay. Mrs. Schultz was murdered in the cellar at her home around the time you were seen entering it. What do you know about it?"

Gloria Fullis' distress seemed genuine. "That's awful!" she exclaimed. "I was there, yes. But only to renew some insurance she carries on the car and on the house. I stayed there about 15 minutes—just long enough to have a chat with her."

Orecchio removed the fingernail from his pocket. "Ever see this before?" he asked.

She examined it and shook her head. "I don't use them," she said. "See?" She extended her long, tapering fingers. The red-lacquered nails were her own.

The blonde stated that she had seen no one loitering around the Schultz home during her visit nor had the victim appeared upset.

"In fact, she was in splendid spirits," went on Miss Fullis. "She offered to make me a cup of coffee but I refused because I had other stops to make and I had to hurry."

"Did she say anything about expecting a visitor?" Byrnes cut in.

"No, she didn't."

Miss Fullis was thanked for her cooperation and the detectives left. Driving back to the Schultz home, Byrnes asked, "Do you think she knows anything, Chief?"

"I'm not sure," Orecchio replied. "On the surface I'd say no, but a blonde murdered Mrs. Schultz and

she's a blonde. I think I'll have another talk with Schultz. I'm convinced that he's holding out on us."

At the house, Orecchio drew the wealthy contractor to one side. Quickly he told him of the various women seen loitering about the Schultz home late that afternoon and evening.

Schultz shrugged. "I have no idea who she might be, believe me," he said nervously. "I attended to business all day and my wife stayed home, minding hers. What opportunity did we have to make anyone mad at us?"

"Okay, Schultz, if that's the way you want it. But remember, if you're hiding something, we'll find it—no matter what."

Schultz paled but said nothing. Fred, Jr., was also questioned but the young man could shed no light on his mother's murder. Orecchio found Selser waiting for him in the kitchen. He had some exciting news.

"Chief, a woman who lives down the street a way, says she saw some dame grab a Jersey City bus at the corner of Adolphus Avenue and Gorge Road at about 5:15 tonight."

"Could she give a description?"

"Yep, and it tallies with the one we have on that woman who was seen walking up and down in front of the Schultz home—the one with the caracul coat."

Orecchio turned to Byrnes. "MILT, contact the Public Service starter in Jersey City and ask him for the driver whose bus stopped at that corner around 5:15 tonight. Judging from the blood spilled in that cellar, I'd say she must've gotten some of it on her clothes. If she did, the driver might have noticed it."

Byrnes nodded and left.

Selser explained that he made a thorough examination of the doors and windows and failed to find where one of them had been forced.

"That settles it," Orecchio said. "Whoever murdered Mrs. Schultz walked in that back door and went out the same way."

The lab detail, completing their work, stated that no fingerprints other than those of the Schultz family had been found. Also, the footprints in the snow were found to measure seven inches from heel to toe, an indication that the woman who had made them was slightly built and wore a size four-and-a-half or five shoe.

"It tallies with the description of the dame in the caracul coat, all right," Orecchio nodded.

Meanwhile, detectives continued to search the neighborhood in an effort to locate the murder weapon. Any place large enough to conceal the bread knife was closely examined but without results.

An inspection of the dead wo-

man's effects failed to yield any clue to her slayer's identity. Neither did her husband's belongings.

About midnight, Byrnes located the bus driver and went out to have a talk with him.

During the next hour, the police ran down several anonymously phoned tips to unsuccessful conclusions.



Killer awaits questioning by police.

Meanwhile, a canvass of Cliffside Park and Hackensack taverns was undertaken in the hope of finding some information about Schultze. Bartenders, although reluctant to talk at first, admitted that Schultze spent a lot of time at their places in the company of a hard-faced blonde in her early 30's. She was described as being of medium height and a good dresser.

"She was in here about a week ago with him," said the barkeep at Tony's Place, a popular rendezvous on the outskirts of Jersey City. "She was hopped up over something and she was really laying it on the old guy."

"Could you tell what they were arguing about?" asked the detective. "No, but whatever it was, the old guy was plenty scared."

Sporadic reports from the residents along Adolphus Avenue confirmed the stories the police had gathered about the strange activities of the murdered woman's husband. Schultze was frequently seen putting his car away in the early hours of the morning. He was always alone on these occasions.

"Things are beginning to shape up," Orecchio said. "I had a hunch all along that Schultze was holding out and now I'm convinced of it."

At one o'clock, the telephone on Orecchio's desk rang. It was Byrnes.

"I've located that blonde with the caracul coat, Chief," he said. "Meet me at the corner of Stag and Union."

Orecchio and Selser made the trip quickly. They found Byrnes waiting for them. "The guy who runs this saloon knows her well," he informed them quietly. "Let's go inside."

A plump, red-faced man eyed them sullenly when they approached. "Okay, barkeep," Byrnes said. "Tell the chief who she is."

"She's Mrs. Martha Beer," the bartender replied.

"Did she ever come in here with a heavy-set, black moustached man in his late 50's?" Orecchio asked.

"Yeah. You must mean Gus. They come in here often."

"Where does she live?"

"Third floor rear, No. 29 Stag Street."

The officers found the house to be a typical walk-up tenement. A letter box showed that Mr. and Mrs. Herman Beer lived in apartment 3-F. The three officers climbed the wooden stairs and stopped before the door. A light showed in the transom.

"They're still up," Byrnes said.

Orecchio nodded. "Let's go," he said, knocking on the door.

The sound of approaching footsteps was followed by the door's opening. A pleasant faced man peered out at them. "Yes?" he inquired.

Orecchio flashed his badge and brushed past him into a neatly furnished parlor. It was empty. He strode to an open door leading into a bedroom. Standing in the center of the room was a square-jawed blonde.

HANDS ON HER HIPS, she faced them aggressively. "What do you want?" she snapped, her eyes flashing angrily.

"We're the police," Orecchio said. "You're under arrest for the murder of Mrs. Sadie Schultze."

Mrs. Beer smiled mirthlessly. "And you're nuts," she scoffed.

Orecchio grinned. "Am I?" he said softly. "Then how come your dress, your stockings and your shoes are caked with blood?"

Mrs. Beer suddenly wheeled around and headed for the fire escape outside the bedroom window. But Byrnes was too fast for her. He caught her near the window. She struggled like a wildcat - biting, gouging and kicking the detective with her sharp-pointed heels. Aided by Orecchio however, Byrnes quickly handcuffed her.

Beer accompanied the officers to Hackensack for the questioning. He said his wife had been seeing Schultze with his approval. Because his job as a baker forced him

Do You Like Art?



DRAW FOR MONEY!

Our Simple Method Proves You Can Learn to Draw at Home in Spare Time

YOU can learn **Conventional Art, Designing, Illustrating, Cartooning, etc.** - right at home, in spare time. No previous art training necessary. Soon be your own boss - work at home, pick your own working hours. Or earn big money as staff artist for advertising agency, newspaper, magazine, department store, etc. We make Art a profitable hobby. Earn while you learn. 22-plate art course given with your first lesson **AT NO EXTRA CHARGE**. (School established in 1914.)

FREE BOOK, "ART FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT." Describes our methods. Low opportunity. Tells what our students say. No obligation. So mail coupon at once.

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR
FREE BOOK

Washington School of Art
Studio 263, Post Washington, N.Y.

Send me **FREE** your valuable illustrated book, "Art for Pleasure and Profit." No obligation. No salesman will call.

Name Age

Street

City Zone State

GETTING UP NIGHTS

If worried by "Bladder Weakness" Getting Up Nights or Bed Waking, too frequent, burning or itching irritation! - Urinary Glycine - due to common Kidney and Bladder Irritation, try **CVTDEX** for quick help. 30 years use proves safety for young and old. Ask druggist for **CVTDEX** under guarantee of money-back if not satisfied. See how fast you improve.

WIN with MAGIC CARDS

This special deck of playing cards with secret coded back and front prints **WILL** what card is when lying face down. Easy direction guide included. **WILL** to make history of "Magic" tricks. One takes deck for second hand game, work as pocket bridge, etc. Only \$2.50. Get a deck today. **SEND NO MONEY**. Send Name and Address. Pay later in 3 easy installments. **USE: ADOLPHUS HOLLISTER-WHITE CO., Dept. 300, 1000 N. 1st St., Chicago 10, Ill.**

LEARN TO MOUNT BIRDS

ANIMALS, FISH, PETS

The most complete book on mounting birds, mammals, fish, and pets. **FREE BOOK** (160 pages) with 100 illustrations. **SEND NO MONEY**. Send Name and Address. Pay later in 3 easy installments. **USE: ADOLPHUS HOLLISTER-WHITE CO., Dept. 300, 1000 N. 1st St., Chicago 10, Ill.**

RETRACT-A-PEN RIOT!

New Low Price! **REFILLS (100 Value Each) 10 for \$1.00**

RETRACTABLE PENS 5 for \$1.00

(100 for \$10)

Choice of Red, Blue, Black or Green Ink. Refills in each color. Will not leak, smear or scratch. Good as new in 30 days. No ink spillage. Heavy shock proofed. Larger than most. Best price in market. At each.

Shirley Dist. Dept. 304 P.O. Box 45, Forest Hill, N.Y.

Wonder Slim OUR BEST MEN'S BELT



ONLY
4.98

FEATURES

Takes inches off waist
Kisses abdomen and keeps it in
Gives vital back support
Straightens sagging stomach
Gives your clothes that custom-made look

WORKS WONDERS FOR YOUR BACK

LOOK SLIM — FEEL TIGHT

Wonder Slim is a new kind of men's supporter belt. Its ingenious contour design follows nature's own lines—provides remarkable freedom of movement. Its patented sliding back panel makes it the easiest belt to put on... provides "quick as a flash" adjustment for constant perfect fit. No uncomfortable wear! Scientific "top pressure" bearing flatters the bulge gently but firmly. Sliding back provides support just where you need it for youthful posture... fights the feeling of fatigue. Made of super soft herringbone twill. Waist sizes 28-44—Only \$4.98. Try it at our risk.

S. J. Wegman Co., Dept. 6W-5

Lyndbrook, N. Y.
Rush my Wonder Slim back supporter at once. If I am not 100% satisfied I may return it for prompt refund of the full purchase price.

Waist Size _____ inches

☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$4.98

plus a few cents postage.

☐ I enclose \$4.98 payment and save postage. Same Guarantee.

Name _____

Address _____

to work nights, he thought the idea of her seeing Schultze was a good one. They had met Schultze several years previously at a German saengerbund, a singing party.

Convinced that Beer had no part in the murder, Orecchio released him.

Mrs. Beer, confronted by the irrefutable evidence of her blood-stained coat, dress and high-heeled pumps, broke down and confessed. "Yes, I killed her," she said stolidly. "Gus was losing interest and I was worried. I decided to pay Mrs. Schultze a visit and have it out with her once and for all. When I got there, I knew I would find the back door unlocked. She was in the cellar so I went down there. She just looked at me and said nothing.

"I showed her the ring her husband gave me but she only laughed and said I was 'any man's woman.' That made me mad. I lunged at her but she fought back, hard. During the scuffle she grabbed the knife but I managed to twist her wrist until she dropped it. Then I got hold of it before she could. We wrestled around until I stuck the knife into her. Then she rolled to the floor, groaning. By this time I was crazy mad. I fell on her and I kept plunging the knife into her body. When she finally stopped fighting me, I stood up. I looked at her lying at my feet, with hate in my heart. I wanted to keep hurting her, so I started stomping her with my foot and twisting my heel into her. Finally I got tired and I left. I took the knife with me. It wasn't until later that I remembered losing my

glasses in the struggle. I stopped at several taverns on the way before coming home."

"What did you do with the knife?" Selsor asked.

Mrs. Beer shrugged. "I don't know. I threw it away some place."

When questioned later, Schultze admitted having had clandestine meetings with Mrs. Beer in various New Jersey night spots. He said she had been continually after him to divorce his wife and marry her, after she had in turn, divorced her husband. This he had steadfastly refused to do. Because of this she had frequently threatened him, he said.

Jersey justice moved swiftly. By noon the next day, Mrs. Beer was arraigned before Common Pleas Judge A. Demarest Del Mar and charged with first degree murder.

An hour later, she was indicted by a Bergen County grand jury on the same charge.

Two days before her trial on March 18th, 1946, she pleaded no contest and threw herself on the mercy of the court. Judge Herman Vanderwart then sentenced her to an indeterminate term in the State Prison for Women at Clinton. She was transferred to the Trenton State Hospital for the Insane on April 22nd, 1946. On October 21st, 1947 she died in the hospital.

EDITOR'S NOTE: To protect persons innocently involved in this case, the names Gus and Sadie Schultze and Gloria Fullis are fictitious as used here.

THE END



"No, you weren't speeding. I just wanted to check something else."

SAVE 75%

ON

WORK CLOTHES!



SURPLUS STOCK FROM MID-WEST SUPPLY FIRM!
Terrific values you've got to see to believe!

SHIRTS 79c

Made to suit for 2.99 Now Only 4 for \$2.99

What a buy! 4 for the price of one! These shirts, though used, are washed, sterilized and ready for long, tough wear. In blue, tan or green. Send neck size, 1st and 2nd color choice.

PANTS to match 99c

Sold for 3.95 now only 4 for \$2.75

Unbelievable Bargains! Send waist measure and include leg length.

COVERALLS 2.29

wear 'em used and save plenty! Originally \$6.95. Now only 3 for \$6.75

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED! Your money back if you can't beat these bargains elsewhere! You can't lose so order TODAY for immediate delivery! Send \$1.00 deposit on C.O.D. orders. Add 25¢ postage and handling on prepaid orders.

GALCO SALES CO. Dept. 413
7170 Harvard Ave. • Cleveland 5, Ohio

BE A DETECTIVE

WORK HOME or TRAVEL. Experience unnecessary. DETECTIVE Particulars FREE. Write to **GEO. & K. WAGNER, 125 W. 86 St., N. Y.**



CHARM DROPS

An enchanting perfume of irresistible charm, clinging for hours like lovers' loath to part. Just a tiny drop is enough. Full size bottle 98¢ prepaid or \$1.32 C.O.D. Directions free. One bottle FREE if two ordered.

Rolldex

ROLLDEX, P. O. Box 518, Dept. 87
Safety Harbor, Florida

POEMS WANTED

To Be Set To Music

Send now or soon of your best poems today for **FREE EXAMINATION**. Any Subject. Immediate Consideration. Phonograph Records Made. **CHORUS MUSIC CO., 1474 S. Broadway, New York 10, N.Y.**

Cabinet Making



LOW COST HOME TRAINING COURSE for Beginners & Advanced Craftsmen

Make money. Learn skills and secrets of fine woodworking and tool use. Professionally prepared plans, materials, tools, and more. Home study. Complete instruction. Learn to market.

Write for Free Booklet. **INTERSTATE TRAINING SERVICE**
DEPT. 1-24 • PORTLAND 13, OREGON



TELL FORTUNES

Four men... Four friends... With cards, playing cards, the fortune teller's secret message. Printed on stickers for quick use with layout sheet.

Only \$1.00, N.Y. or \$1.50 - No C.B.R. **NOX 897, Dept. 44**
JATCHA NEWARK, N.J.

TREMENDOUS Profits

with Hagen's Exclusive

TEAR GAS PENCIL!

For tear gas... Hagen's exclusive... Hagen Supply Corp., Dept. K 24, St. Paul 4, Minn.



Youthful partners in strange series of crimes leave the court during hearing.

What followed was a six-day trial which rocked New Zealand and gave the world a picture of a lurid adolescent dreamworld.

The girls were courted in Christchurch Supreme Court by Counsel A. K. Haslam, who said there was no doubt that the girls committed the crime, but contended that they were mentally ill and not responsible for their actions.

Crown Prosecutor A. W. Brown took a different point of view. He said the girls were not incurably insane but incurably bad. He called the slaying "coldly, callously premeditated murder committed by two dirty-minded little girls who were sane at the time."

Brown described Pauline's diary as "a mirror of evil" and said it revealed that the girls indulged in wild orgies which left them ecstatic but exhausted. It disclosed, too, said Brown, that they had gone in for blackmail, attempted burglary, shoplifting, and cheating.

The girls, it revealed, met at high school. Both were highly intelligent and became firm friends. One day they rode out into the country on bicycles and wandered around together "getting ecstatic." Then Pauline wrote: "What had been a friendship became a bond."

The diary went on to tell of their association. Pauline went to stay at the Hulmes' beautiful home. At night the girls would dance naked on the lawns beside a "Temple of

Minerva" which they built on the grounds.

They gave the names of film stars to imaginary characters in books they had written. Once they used Mario Lanza, Orson Welles, and five others. The girls personified what they imagined were the characteristics of the stars. Lanza, they said, was "muscle," Welles was "roly-poly." Others were willowy or slender. Pauline wrote:

We enacted how each character would make love, only choosing the first seven as it was 7:30 a.m. By then we felt exhausted.

Once they drew up a list of the Ten Commandments and set out to break them. Pauline recorded that she broke the lot, but Juliet only broke nine.

One woman in the packed public gallery fainted after hearing a diary entry which ended: "Nothing is now too disgusting or revolting for us."

Dr. Francis Bennett, for the defense, told the court that the girls spent as much time as possible together, discussing their imaginary gods and their books. They photographed each other in fancy and party dresses and in the nude.

Dr. Bennett read notes of an interview with Juliet in which she told him of her ideas about Heaven and Paradise. She said she and Pauline believed they would meet in



Oh My Rested Back!

Blissful relief from "tired back" comes fast from the moment you slip on this surgically-designed Back-Easer. You'll "feel years younger all over."

Pe Peen® Thousands Now Help Themselves to New Rested Feeling with the

BACK-EASER

A Piper Brace Sacroiliac Support (Trade Mark). Easy to wear as a pair of shorts. Gives you scientifically placed, firm support at exact spot needed, yet leaves you action-free to move in any direction. Simple strap adjustment lifts the load of weariness off your back in seconds. Washable; soft as linen; strong as canvas. Folks who never suspected their backs were to blame for "tired-out" feeling now say "Oh, my rested back!" Order your P. I. Peer Back-Easer today. Just send hip measurement.



MAKE 10-DAY TEST

Money Back If You're Not Relieved and Delighted!

Only \$5.95

Postpaid (Except C.O.D.)
PIPER BRACE CO.

911 Wyandotte Dept. 80126 Kansas City 5, Mo.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Piper Brace Co., Dept. 80-178
911 Wyandotte, Kansas City 5, Mo.

Send me: ☐ P. I. PEER BACK-EASERS at \$5.95 each. I understand this entire amount will be refunded if I am not entirely satisfied with the Back-Easer and return it within ten days. Measure around my hips is _____ inches.

Enclosed is (☐ Money Order) (☐ Check for \$ _____) (☐ Send C.O.D. (We pay post-age except on C.O.D.'s.)

Name _____

Address _____

City and Zone _____ State _____

Heaven everyone they had known on earth.

"Even Pauline's mother?" Dr. Bennett asked.

"Yes," she replied.

"With blood on her face?"

"Well," Juliet replied. "She would not arrive in that state. In any case she would be in Paradise. Even if we meet we will not worry. There is nothing in death."

Dr. Bennett told the court that he then asked Juliet, "Have you any regret?" She replied: "None whatever. Of course, I do not want my family involved but we have been terribly happy since, so it's all been a blessing in disguise."

Dr. Bennett also read two interesting entries from Pauline's diary:

We rose about 10 and had some raspberries and cream and felt sick, after which we sat in the car and discussed who we should leave alive if we wiped out the rest of the world. We wrote out a list and had a wonderful time.

We worked out how much prostitutes should earn and how much we should make. We spent a really wonderful day messing around and talking over how much fun we will have in our profession.

Pauline and Juliet took little notice of the testimony. Only once did they show any emotion. That was when Brown read a passage from Pauline's diary telling how she sneaked out of her house night after night to visit a boy friend in his boarding house and gave frank details of their love-making. When this was read aloud, Juliet's face became savage. She leaned forward, grinding her teeth.

Not once during the trial did the girls show any signs of remorse. Instead, they exchanged smiles and whispers. Juliet sat with her fingers in her ears as Brown made his closing statement.

An all-male jury deliberated for two hours and 20 minutes, then handed down a verdict of guilty. The girls stared woodenly at the floor.

As they are under 18, their crime is not punishable by death under New Zealand laws. They were given "indefinite prison terms" and ordered "detained at Her Majesty's pleasure."

A blanket sentence such as this is often used in British courts in cases involving adolescents where there is a chance conditions may change and a review be warranted.

After the verdict was read, the girls were led from the dock to their prison cells. They looked solemn and dejected.

BE AN INVESTIGATOR

Trade at home in your spare time. A complete course in the Scientific field of Investigation. Practical cases will be assigned for your experience. Our graduates are in demand. Write for free booklet. State Age.

SPADEA SCHOOL for INVESTIGATORS

877 Bayshore Street
Boston 16, Massachusetts

Dept. B-1

RHEUMATISM ARTHRITIS NEURITIS SCIATICA LUMBAGO

Treated By Non-Surgical Methods

At Famous Health Resort
Rheumatism and its kindred diseases attack, twist, numb, burn and create. When you take medicines, you experience relief at some time, you are sensing nature's warning and permitting the cause of your condition to grow worse.

Excellent Treatments Available Now
The Excelsior Institute trustworthy and scientific treating methods are designed to correct the real underlying causes of your ailments and start the removal of those poisons in your system which are causing your suffering.

Revealing Free Illustrated Book
Our New FREE Book tells how thousands have been successfully treated in recent years. Write today. It may save you years of suffering. No obligation.

EXCELSIOR INSTITUTE, Dept. C-100, Excelsior Bldg., Mo.

LEARN UPHOLSTERY

In your spare time
RUN YOUR OWN BUSINESS
AT HOME

FREE BOOK Be Your Own Boss
SAMPLE LESSON WITH COURSE YOU MAKE
SLIPPER CHAIR
CLUB CHAIR
OTTOMAN
WITH SLIP COVERS
You're to Keep or Sell

Earn more from the start! Set up your own profitable business in your home. Learn to make and sell 1000's of home furnishings for less—your own business! Start of CLETON UPHOLSTERY.
Made up on seat learning with tools, complete frame, fabric and padding. Included FREE with your FREE course. You learn skilled professional trades up, correct, upholstery, furniture finishing, repair, how to make beautiful slip covers, reclining chairs, cushions and ottomans. LEARN WHILE YOU LEARN. In your spare time. Write for FREE Illustrated Book, With Sample Lesson.
Get ready for well-paid job. Big profits from home. 4000 sq. ft. and more home, repairing your own home. Training in N. Y. and also available. Meet coupon \$1000. APPROVED FOR VETERAN TRAINING

UPHOLSTERY TRADING SCHOOL
Dept. C-100, 721 E. 9th St., N. Y.
Send me free book "Your Own Business" and also available. Meet coupon \$1000.
☐ Home Order ☐ N. Y. School
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
☐ Check if Known Veterans

"TOOK IN \$217 FIRST 10 DAYS"

Some make more, some less

We help you to start Your

Own All-Year Business

Make Big Money! With our newly operated, highly efficient wall washer, Chas. Stelle took in \$217 gross in first ten days. R. L. Goss took in more than \$10,000 in one year. K. C. Taber wrote, "I made \$400 gross in two weeks." And no wonder—this machine washes walls 6 times faster and better than by hand. **Your Money-making Opportunity.** Enjoy independence—freedom from bosses, layoffs. Customers everywhere—homes, offices, schools, etc. Expenses low, profit high. No shop necessary; operate from home. Can start spare time until your full time is available. **Less an hour. Get all facts without obligation.**



FREE BOOK MAIL COUPON TODAY

NAME _____

229 "W" Pl., Revere, Wisconsin

Send at once (no obligation) your FREE

booklet containing information about your

WALL WASHING MACHINE and how I can start

my own permanent, profitable business.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

Science Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain—Shrinks Hemorrhoids

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain—without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dynex)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name Preparation H. Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee. "Buy 6 for \$5.00."

BIKINI STYLE PAINTIES

Paraded With Top Rate at Start

The Ideal Novelty Gift—Sherr Nylon Panties

Sherr Nylon Panties—Lined with

FREE-A-500 Nylon Lace

Colors: Black/White, Black, Bridal

White, Stone, Pearl, and, Large

Color Card Enclosed. If Received

\$2.35 P.P.—Two Pairs \$4.00

R. M. SALES CO.

Box 3022 • St. Paul, 4, Minn.

STOP TOBACCO

Harsh the craving for tobacco as thou

will have with Tobacco-Smoker Who

Takes the first best-selling of tobacco

product of tobacco and of a treatment which

has relieved over 100,000 people

in distress since 1935. **FREE**

THE NEWELL COMPANY

351 Broadway St., St. Louis, 17, Mo.

BEA Nurse

MAKES 500-500 A WEEK

You can learn practical nursing at home

in spare time. Course arranged by this

branch. Thousands of students. 18 or

over. One graduate has charge of 16 and

hundreds. Another saved \$100 while

training. Thousands benefited. Write,

now. **FREE** no obligation. **FREE** no obligation.

Box 102, 32 East Jackson St., Chicago, 4, Ill.

amount found in his body was almost pure and undiluted. Dericks had little doubt that whoever had tipped him to the bottle in Kelso's glove compartment did so to mislead him.

Lead him from whose trail? That was the \$64,000 question. Neither Hawkins Dean's many friends, nor anybody else who had known the amiable farmer doubted that there could be but one motive for the old fellow's murder. Nobody, not even his killer, could have hated Hawkins. But a callous killer might coldly murder him for his money. The sheriff returned hastily to the County Courthouse in Batavia, believing the answer to be found in the very building where his own office was located. He looked up the old fellow's probated will, his marriage license to Dovie Blanche Dean, and her divorce papers.

Dovie Blanche's divorce decree had become final on the preceding April 11th. The next day Hawkins Dean had drawn up his will, naming his fiancée as his heir. His property included his 68-acre farm, his house valued at more than \$10,000, and an adjacent 25-acre plot of woodland inherited a few months before from his deceased neighbor and previous fiancée, Mrs. Ella Favret. At Dovie Blanche's death, this property was to revert to his daughter, Mrs. Perry, and at her death to his only grandchild, Earl Hawkins Perry. The sheriff couldn't help wondering whether Hawkins Dean had been but the first of a long list of people scheduled to die violently. He must hurry before the killer dispatched the next.

The day after Dean made his will, two days after Dovie Blanche's divorce, he had married her in the presence of their six children. There was nothing further on the official record till Dean's death—the day after which Dovie Blanche had filed his will for probate. She had wasted no time.

Thus, only one person stood to gain directly from Hawkins' death, and that was Dovie. Yet Dericks already had tried hard to trace the arsenic, without result. Not only had Dovie purchased none, but not enough had been found in the insecticides and other sprays in the house and barns to poison a flea, let alone a man. The sheriff wired police of the towns the Deans had visited that summer, to determine whether she had purchased arsenic there. But again he had no luck.

Yet it was by plugging, by refusing to give up, by going again and again over the same ground that he hit upon a vital discrepancy in his previous information which threatened to blow the case sky-high. Talking with Joe Kelso, who still boiled over the attempt to frame

him, and who harbored his own ideas about who was responsible, the garage mechanic mentioned quite inadvertently that Dean had first been taken ill with his fatal attack on Wednesday afternoon. The sheriff immediately phoned Dr. Batsche, and rechecked the physician's previous statement.

"Yes," Batsche confirmed, "Mrs. Perry did not call me or inform me of Mr. Dean's illness till late Thursday night."

Dericks immediately phoned Dean's daughter, who protested, "But that's when I first went to the house and found Papa ill. I thought that he had just been taken sick."

Mrs. Kelso, standing loyally by her husband, confirmed that her stepfather had first become ill Wednesday. She and Joe had left the house shortly afterward, she said, and had not heard anything further till after Dean's death.

"And what do you say, Dovie Blanche?" the sheriff asked, assembling the suspects in his office.

"It's a pack of lies," the widow retorted angrily. "Mrs. Perry just wants to get hold of her father's money, and Joe Kelso is sure about something." John Woolton, Jr. just hung his head and said nothing.

The sheriff glanced at them all appraisingly. "I think there's only one thing to do. Dovie, you and John and Joe Kelso should all take a lie detector test. We'll find out who's guilty."

"It's okay with me," Dovie answered casually, but John, Jr. gulped and hung his head.

It wasn't okay. As a result of the test Joe Kelso was dismissed from all further suspicion, but with each question regarding the manner of Hawkins Dean's death, Dovie Blanche and her son had reacted with an emotional charge which sent the needle fluttering violently across the scroll of the instrument. Still, both firmly denied all guilt.

One other thing had become evident. Throughout the questioning Dovie had insisted that she and Dean were happily married, yet her reactions to the lie detector indicated they were not. Mother and son were held as maternal witnesses, and lodged in the county jail at Batavia for further questioning. But they remained adamant in their denials of guilt.

Though the questioning had resulted in the same answers and same reactions it had had an effect, for that night after Sheriff Dericks' wife, acting as jail matron, had served Dovie Blanche her supper, she asked to see the sheriff and the district attorney.

"I want to make a statement," she said. "I'm going to name the murderer."

Bradford and Dericks glanced at

each other, wondering what was coming next.

"Well, who is it?" the district attorney asked impatiently.

Dovie Blanche removed her glasses, slowly wiped a tear from one eye. "This hurts me more than I can tell you," she said. "But it's my own son."

The officers exchanged glances, shocked. In all their years in the law, they had never heard a mother accuse her own son of murder.

When she had finished they returned her to her cell and questioned her son, John Woolton, Jr. He hotly denied his mother's accusation or any connection with the murder, but with true filial loyalty he refused to accuse her, or even to condemn her. The officials were becoming convinced of his innocence. They returned him to his cell and sent for Dovie again.

Dericks and Bradford sat staring at her, giving her the silent treatment for a full five minutes of wordless accusation. Dovie fidgeted under their glare, nervously wringing her hands. Finally she could stand it no longer, and blurted out, "What are you looking at me like that for? I didn't do anything."

"Oh, no?" Bradford said. Then shot at her, "You just committed as despicable a sin as when you murdered Hawkins Dean. You accused your own son of a murder of which you alone are guilty. May God have mercy on your soul."

Dovie turned chalk white, screamed, "Oh, my God—what have I done?" and fell on her knees to the floor. She screamed, moaned, and babbled a hysterical mumbo-jumbo of prayers and a confession to Hawkins Dean's murder. With the aid of Mrs. Dericks they finally got her back on her chair, and fed her coffee till she had calmed down enough to make a statement.

She admitted putting rat poison in her husband's milk over a period of weeks till he fell fatally ill. She said, "I gave him two doses of Zip in his milk on August 7th and the next day he was taken to the hospital. When he got home, on the 15th, I gave him some more—but nothing happened. On the 19th I put it in his milk twice, and again once each on Monday and Tuesday. Wednesday he got sick."

But even now she claimed justification, although nobody believed her. She said, "It was a case of me getting him before he got me."

"Just how do you mean that?" Dericks asked.

She stated that Hawkins Dean had been her mate in name only, and was incapable of fulfilling all the husbandly responsibilities. She said that this got him down so that he brooded and drank a lot, and he had threatened to kill her and commit suicide.

SHOW EXCITING NEW SOUND FILMS IN YOUR OWN HOME

Mickey Mouse Projector and Theatre With

Thrilling Double Feature Talking Films




10 DAY FREE TRIAL

Now, you can share a complete library of exciting talking films. In just 10 days, your family can enjoy the thrill of seeing your favorite Mickey Mouse characters in action. You receive your Mickey Mouse Projector and Theatre, sound reproduction, 2 complete features, 11 and 100% guaranteed money return within 10 days. If you are not satisfied, we will refund your money. No questions asked. We are available on your terms. A double feature because of its large size we are forced to ask for the shipping charges.

2.98

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

HONOR MOSA PRODUCTIONS CORP. Dept. MM-29
35 Wall St. Lombard New York

Back my Mickey Mouse Sound Projector and Theatre with 2 feature films at once. If I am not 100% satisfied, I may return it after 10 days. Free trial. No payment refund of full purchase price.

☐ I enclose \$2.98 plus 50¢ shipping charges.

☐ I enclose C.O.D. and will pay nothing on my return.

Name _____
Address _____

*If You Are Troubled
Or In Ill Health ...*

ROSE BAWN,
Official Scribe
of the Mayan
Order, writes
you

**Share this Golden Wisdom
of the Ancient Mayans**

**SEND FOR THIS BOOK ...
ENTIRELY FREE!**

Thousands of Mayan Members who felt bitter . . . lonely . . . unappreciated . . . now share the positive power of vital, happy living. They tell of new self-confidence, joy, health and peace of mind. Open this shining door yourself; join in the rich human wisdom that can turn defeat to victory.

THE MAYANS

BOX 2710, DEPT. M-27, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Yes, I do want to know how to use the Cosmic Wisdom of the ancient Mayans. Send me your FREE book, *Mayan Mysteries*.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

MAIL TO: THE MAYAN ORDER, BOX 2710, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS



Your "hence" depends on when, where, how, how much, with whom—and a lot more. It calls for the right line and the sure touch. And what you don't know can hurt you!

EVERY DETAIL PICTURE-CLEAR
 Any questions, doubts and fears to rest. Get unshakened out and "cued up" with the best-selling FROM FREUD TO KINSEY, now in its ninth large printing. All the answers you need in plain man-and-woman talk—every detail picture-clear! Exciting entertainment from cover to cover!

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
 Order FROM FREUD TO KINSEY in plain wrapper now. If not pleased, return it for refund of our purchase price. Don't go another night without it!

10 DAY FREE TRIAL - MAIL COUPON NOW

PLEASE REMIT TO: Dept. 10-123
 1000 Broadway St., New York, N.Y.
 Send FROM FREUD TO KINSEY in plain wrapper for 10 DAY FREE TRIAL. If not satisfied, I get my purchase price refunded at once.
 Send \$1.98 for purchase \$1.98 plus postage.
 10 copies \$1.98. You pay all postage.

Name _____ Age _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____
 Country or Foreign-In U.S. send \$1.98

IT'S EASY TO BE POPULAR WITH TODAY'S MOST POPULAR INSTRUMENT

"I Teach You



PLAY THE GUITAR
AT HOME the very FIRST DAY!

You can play the guitar—for fun and popularity—even earn money as a popular professional! With my amazing method you get my studio lessons on RECORDS, complete with TEXT, MUSIC, and a five steel-stringed professional Spanish-type GUITAR! I have selected it for you because of its fine tone.

Learn LISTEN-LOOK-PLAY Method
 You LISTEN to my Records. You LOOK at the Text, see my hands in position. YOU PLAY—quickly, easily—the very first day! I teach you as I have taught many others. You need no "ear for music"—just the eyes and ears you were born with.

Send for FREE MUSIC OPPORTUNITY BOOK
 Write to me, Sid Margolis (teacher, guitarist, formerly with CBS, NBC, famous name bands, etc.) for your FREE Music Opportunity Book with complete details. No obligation.

 Sid Margolis Studio, c/o THUNDERBOLT
 Dept. 10-1001, Valley Stream, N.Y.
 Dear Sid: Please send me your Free Book with full details about your amazing new Studio GUITAR course on Records, complete with text, music, and professional Spanish-type Guitars. No obligation. No salesman will call.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ If you have a guitar, check here.
☐ If under 18, check here for special booklet "A".
☐ If you have a phonograph, check here.

Whether or not there was any truth in this, there was no question in the minds of the law officials that Dovie Blanche's real motive for the murder had been Hawkins Dean's property; a fact she reluctantly admitted under further questioning. With her full confession, her son was absolved of all guilt and released from custody.

A special session of the Grand Jury was called on September 15th, and after hearing the evidence, indicted Dovie Blanche Dean for first-degree murder. She was tried in April, 1953, and found guilty and sentenced to die in the electric chair. All appeals by her attorney for clemency failed, and on the

night of January 15th, 1954, she was dragged to the electric chair in the state penitentiary at Columbus, screaming, weeping hysterically, praying, and begging for forgiveness. Although the Lord may have heard her prayers and forgiven her, she committed such a crime against the dignity and decency of mankind that many of us cannot. To know that a Dovie Dean could be born and nurtured and exist in our civilization curdles the blood.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The names, Joe Kelso and John Woolton, as used in this case, are fictitious.

THE KNO

Convict's Woman

(continued from page 8)

their arrival, an expensive television set was seen delivered from a London firm.

Perhaps the best way for all of us to meet the Smiths, and to learn the reason for the terror and anxiety that dwelt there in the cottage with the young wife, would be to sit with them one night watching the screen of their handsome TV set.

There is a crisp, official announcement from Scotland Yard. Six desperate convicts have broken out of Strangeways Gaol at Manchester. Their ring-leader is Eddie (Terrible Ted) Rice, notorious criminal, serving 10 years for the brutal blackjacking of an elderly bookmaker and his wife.

Now, one after the other, their "mugs" are flashed on the screen. Here's Terrible Ted Rice...

Mrs. Smith shudders. Her whole body tenses. She cannot bear to watch.

But mild-mannered Mr. Smith chuckles. He can scarcely contain his amusement.

"They don't make me look very handsome, do they?" he says sarcastically. "I'll have to send them a new picture one of these days."

Among the millions who saw Rice's picture on TV that night, of course, were residents in West End Lane.

But they never would have recognized him as their affable new neighbor, Mr. Smith—with his new hair style, his newly grown moustache, and half-rimmed spectacles.

Nor had hundreds of policemen whom he passed in the street known him either. The other five fugitives had long since been captured. But Rice, in his perfect hide-

out and in his equally perfect disguise, had eluded a dragnet cast over the whole of Britain.

And all the while he led a double life so fantastic that it staggers belief.

Mr. Smith by day, putting after his rose garden, waving cheerfully to his wife as she goes off on her daily shopping tour.

Terrible Ted Rice by night, back with his old underworld cronies, plotting, robbing, blowing safes in the heart of London—even brazenly attending parties where thieves and assorted thugs gathered with their women.

Let Ann Rice tell about these social gatherings. For this is, after all, her story.

"Although there was a reward out for Ted, and he was being hunted like a wild animal everywhere in the country," Ann Rice said, "we went to parties given by friends.

"But party-going was a risky business and we took every precaution. No one but the host would be told we were going to attend for there was always the danger of some one—you'd never know who—tipping off the police.

"Always it was arranged so we would be the last couple to arrive. No other guests were admitted, once we were there. And all during the party, no one was permitted to leave the house or to use the phone.

"When the party was over, no one was allowed to leave before Ted and I had made our departure and had been given ample time to get clear of the neighborhood."

Ann Rice lived a life of fear, as fearful in each hour as if she had been a criminal herself and on the run.

Ann recalled the last time she visited Ted Rice in Strangeways Prison. It was not a new experience for her. During the 14 years of their

marriage, Rice had spent more time with jailers and cell mates than he had with his wife. She had visited him in Dartmoor, Wandsworth, Pentonville, Lewes, Preston—and still other prisons.

Ann said on this last visit to Strangeways she sensed something in her convict husband's attitude that told her he planned an escape attempt. Through the heavy glass partition that separated them during the interview, Rice had berated himself for having been "not much of a husband."

"All I wish now," he told Ann, "is that I had given you a decent break, as any good wife should have."

It was only a short time afterwards that Ann Rice saw her intuitive warnings justified. Terrible Ted Rice and five other dangerous men, the newspaper headlines said, had broken out of Strangeways.

Now Ann's intuition told her something else: Rice would make a desperate effort, would risk his life, to see her and their boy.

Then one night Ann got a mysterious message to come to a certain address. She thought it might be a trap, some sort of police ruse.

"But I went anyhow," she said. "I had to take the chance. I had to see him. So I drew 400 pounds out of the bank. I knew we'd find it useful. Because in the world Ted and I lived in, money talked bigger than anything else."

"That same night I saw Ted and it was just heaven, being together again. It didn't matter to me whether I was doing the right thing or not."

"Ted was in a hideout across the river. Although I knew the police were watching me, we managed to meet every day without being caught."

It was during these meetings that Terrible Ted and pretty Ann made the plans that brought them, with their son, to peaceful West End Lane and the pleasant young couple, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, came into being.

"I lived always in fear," Ann said. "A knock on the door would terrify me, or even the sound of the phone ringing."

"As for Ted, although he made light of everything, I know that he was afraid too. He rarely went out of the yard during the day. He would never go to a pub or to the cinema and on the few occasions when he went with me to shop, he would cross the road rather than come face to face with a policeman walking his beat."

Ann also was beset with another worry. Their money couldn't last forever and she knew what Ted Rice would do to replenish their funds. She was right.

One night, when some of Rice's



EASY TERMS—Direct To You

AS
LOW AS
\$4.52
DOWN

AT SENSATIONAL SAVINGS

You can now take your choice of more than 50 of the most magnificent monuments you have ever seen... at prices so low they are almost unbelievable. Imagine! A beautiful, genuine Rockdale Monument, complete with carved inscription, shipped to you for \$14.95 Full Price, and Rockdale Pays The Freight. Deal direct with factory for lowest prices. Guaranteed to satisfy or money refunded in full.



FREE...

Illustrated Catalog. Big two-color catalog of more than 50 superb Models to choose from. Send for your free copy today.

You can use our easy payment plan if you prefer. Only 10% down.
ROCKDALE MONUMENT COMPANY • Dept. 406 • Joliet, Illinois

yours for 1/30th the cost of diamonds!

Capra Gems

"more dazzling than diamonds"

...hand-cut, hand-polished, hand-selected

Get full facts FREE, on the most amazing discovery by modern science — CAPRA GEMS. A miracle of science described in recent issues of Saturday Evening Post and Reader's Digest. They're more dazzling than diamonds, yet cost much less. CAPRA GEMS' refractive quality is actually higher than diamonds! Brilliantly beautiful, dazzling CAPRA GEMS are hand cut, hand polished and hand selected.

priced within the reach of all who love fine gems. A 1-carat diamond stone costs you approximately \$1000. A comparable choice selected, 1-carat CAPRA GEM is yours for \$24. Federal tax included and can be bought on small easy payments.

GET THE FACTS NOW — Valuable illustrated booklet shows a wide selection of men's and women's rings. Gives full details, including prices and settings — shows all CAPRA GEMS actual size. Limited supply, so send today without delay.

No charge, no obligation. Get all the facts on CAPRA GEMS — more dazzling than diamonds.



Send No Money Mail Today

CAPRA GEM CO. DEPT. SEM 37
P.O. 5145, Philadelphia 41, Penna.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

BORROW BY MAIL

PRIVATE \$50 to \$500

You can get the cash you need immediately—no one else can! No co-signers or endorses required. The inquiries of employers, relatives, or friends. Convenient monthly payments.

FREE Apply for a loan today!

AMERICAN LOAN PLAN
City National Bank Building
Chicago 2, Illinois

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....
STATE.....
ZIP.....

NATO CONVERSION Allows Release
GUAR. VERY GOOD BOTS

HUNTERS!
\$29.95

BRITISH ARMY RIFLES

GEORGE WYATT ARMS CORP.
1108 E. Garfield Street, Pasadena 6, Calif.

FUTURE DETECTIVES

BE YOUR OWN BOSS

Would you like to open your own agency? We send you one sheet of answers and tips including information that is helpful to these working persons. Also a shiny foil-lined badge and a membership I-D Card for your signature. All sent postpaid for \$2.00.

GEORGE W. MALLUM
6430 Sheridan Rd., Chicago, 26, Ill.

WE PAY \$16 for only 59 Lincoln Pennies

Send 51 for a 16-cent coin value (the hard part) plus the value of the coins you have.

COMPLETE above and receive \$16 by return air mail **PLUS \$1** back for above (limit \$27). Some other sets worth hundreds of dollars! All information sent with 16-cent coin.

Send 51 to: **PIYMAILL, P. O. Box 499 Dept. D-43 WEMPSTEAD, L. I., N. Y.**

HANDS TIED?

—because you lack a HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA

You can qualify for an American School Diploma in spare time at home! If you have left school, write or mail coupon for FREE booklet that tells how. No obligation of any kind.

OUR 60th YEAR

AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dept. H312
Reprint at 58th, Chicago 27, Illinois

Please send FREE High School booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

City & State.....

Complete Booklet: Home Chapter Course Available
Write: American School, (242) Sherburne St., West, Montreal.

former partners in crime had come to the bungalow to play cards, Ann suddenly entered the room.

"They stopped talking at once," Ann said. "Scarcely a word was said the whole time I was in the room. Well, you can't be married to a man like Ted as long as I have been without getting to know about these things.

"They were planning some sort of job and I knew it. I also knew there'd be little use in trying to persuade Ted not to get mixed up in anything else."

Meanwhile, said Ann, they had bought a small car. And occasionally she could forget—or at least pretend to forget—the haunting shadow that hung eternally over the little bungalow in West End Lane.

Ann told of one night when they were driving around the quiet suburb and ran out of gas. Rice thought it a great joke when a policeman came and gave their car a push!

While their neighbors in the lane may have admired the nice Mr. Smith for his unremitting attention to his rose bushes, Ann knew the real answer.

Terrible Ted Rice was no horticulturist, no lover of flowers. If he may be said to have had a "green thumb," then it must have had to do with greenbacks in large denominations.

For under those bushes in front of the charming little bungalow was buried enough gelignite (gelatin dynamite) to blow up a row of several houses.

Ted Rice wasn't blowing up any house, however. He was using the explosive to open safes here and about, including one at Essex Airfield which yielded 1,204 pounds.

In February, at Rice's suggestion, Ann had gone home to spend awhile with her mother. Rice lived alone in the bungalow.

From the time of the break from Strangeways Prison, the hunt for Terrible Ted Rice had gone on relentlessly and several times, before he became Mr. Smith of West End Lane, Kilburn, the men from Scotland Yard had come within a whisper of nailing him cold.

There was the time when detectives swooped down on a flat in Bermondsey, which Rice shared with one of the fugitives. When the man-hunters crashed in they collared the other escaped convict. But Terrible Ted had already taken leave.

Then he laid false trails by deliberately showing himself in South London, which sent the Yard men on many a wild goose chase,—before doubling back to North London and eventually to Kilburn.

For weeks detectives watched the house where Ann and her son were living. They donned all manner of disguises, men and women

sleuths, and doggedly trailed Rice's known associates in the vain hope that they would lead the way to his hideout.

Then came the Essex Airfield safe job and, as Rice himself was to say, "somebody rattled."

By ones and twos, more than 40 detectives came quietly into West End Lane in the dark of the night and surrounded the bungalow.

The only light on in the house came from the living room. . . . Terrible Ted Rice, with his wife away, was spending the lonely hours, as many another husband has done, watching television.

As they put a ring around the bungalow, certain now that their man was within, the detectives moved silently and cautiously. They were confident that such a hard-bitten character as Terrible Ted Rice would not submit to arrest peaceably. They expected a fight and were prepared for it.

But Rice surprised them. In response to a knock he came to the door in a gaudy dressing gown and politely ushered his captors in.

Terrible Ted Rice was anything but stupid. He knew the jig was up.

Rice had 112 pounds in the pocket of his dressing gown which he admitted was stolen from the safe at Essex Airfield. There was also a large amount of stolen tobacco in the bungalow.

Then Rice, playing the part of genial host to the hit, took his guests from Scotland Yard out in the garden and proudly showed them his rose bushes—and where the gelignite was buried.

All in all, Rice was most cooperative. Except in one important particular. He refused to name any of his confederates, explaining, quite frankly, that to do so might well cost him his life, whether he was in prison or out. For in Rice's crowd death is considered much too good for a squealer.

Ann was there on last March 16th when Terrible Ted Rice, still well-mannered, was brought into Old Bailey.

In a small, almost timid voice, he pleaded guilty to the airfield robbery and to possession of stolen tobacco and gelignite.

In solemn tones the judge sentenced him to 13 years in prison.

Ann gave an agonized cry as she heard the sentence and then sobbed as if her heart would break.

"I saw the look on his face," she said afterward. "He turned and smiled at me. He looked so beaten, so hopeless. . . ."

After all, Ann was not talking about Terrible Ted Rice, hardened criminal and veteran jailbird.

She was talking about Ted, her husband, father of her son.

After all—she loved the guy.

THE END

New PROFIT-PROVEN* Home-Business!

**"I make \$400⁰⁰
a week!"**



Screen-Print Co., Dept. 533

15127 S. Broadway, L.A. 51, Calif.

Gentlemen: Please mail me Free Revealing Details, samples, Opportunity Plan, etc.—All this is sent absolutely Free and sent to me by return mail. I am under no obligation now or ever.

NAME _____

ADDRESS

 CITY

NAME _____ STATE _____

free!

Complete REVEALING DETAILS
Authentic SAMPLES, Proven
Big-Money OPPORTUNITY
PLAN "HOW-TO" BOOKLET
Learn the secrets that
this coupon TOLD!

⁴Prevas MR, J. T. ANDERSON, Inglewood, Calif

(Notarized statement on file in our office and open to inspection)

Big Money? Sure it is—because **Huge Profits** are waiting to be "tapped" with this **MIRACLE NEW PRINTING METHOD**. Now, you may share the exciting secrets and build a big-paying **FULL OR SPARE TIME Screen Printing Business** right in **YOUR OWN HOME**. Yes, we'll teach you, too, how to turn pennies into dollars in the newest, most sensational printing method ever invented. **WHAT IS SCREEN-PRINT?** It's an exciting new printing technique—amazingly simple and fascinating. (It may soon revolutionize the printing industry.) **NO EXPENSIVE EQUIPMENT**, no printing press, no "tools," no ability, no experience is necessary—yet you can print beautiful professional jobs on **PAPER, GLASS, LEATHER, CLOTH—ANYTHING!** You print in all colors—even new "glowing" **FLUORESCENT**

COLORS. It's amazing—but true! **EARN PROFITS IMMEDIATELY—IN YOUR OWN HOME!** Start in your garage, basement, kitchen, spare room—anywhere! It's much easier than you think! Then expand as this new printing industry grows. **300% PROFIT** on some jobs—earn up to \$1000 per hour! **NO EXPERIENCE! THE HUGE GROWING DEMAND.** No selling because of the **EXPLOSIVE** demand for Screen-Printing. You can turn them up to 50% on printing, too. **WE SUPPLY EVERYTHING YOU NEED.** Never before has such a profitability been offered to anyone wishing to start a full-time or spare-time "business of hours." **NO EXPERIENCE! NO INVESTMENT! NO CONFIDENTIAL FACTS ARE YOURS!** **MAIL COUPON TODAY** before it's too late!

READ WHAT OTHERS ARE SAYING—Investigate! "Would not take \$1000.00 for secret...just what I have been searching for the world-over for," C.S., Nev.: "Making 75% of living expenses already in spare time," E.L., Ontario; "Made \$80 first week—terrific opportunity"—W.S. Iowa.

Print colorful ADVERTISING DISPLAYS, SIGNS, BANNERS, POSTERS, LABELS, WALLPAPER, NOVELTIES, INSTRUMENTS, ETC. 57

FREE BOOKLET
and "Select-A-Job
Chart" information!

How To Become A

GAME WARDEN—GOVT. HUNTER

OR JOIN FORESTRY, FISHERY OR WILDLIFE SERVICES!

WHICH OF THESE FASCINATING CAREERS DO YOU WANT?

WILDLIFE WARDEN A rewarding job for the conservation-minded sportsman. Wardens protect wildlife, apprehend law violators, often supervise refuges, breeding stations, make game counts, tag wildlife, etc. Starting salaries good. Opportunities open! Please, Sam, I'm a ...

■ **Don't mess.** Hunt and get paid for it. Many states have a predatory animal problem—like humans to trap, shoot and poison mesquite trees, coy

WINDY WEATHER Windy, cold weather blowing from the north, with a high of 28 and a low of 18.

• COMPARE THESE MANY
• NO SPECIAL SCHOOLING OR TRAINING
REQUIRED: You don't need a college
 education, even a High School Dip-
 loma, for many fire beginning posi-
 tions. Hunting, farming, military ser-
 vice, other skills—all help to get most
 outdoor jobs.

- **AGE NO HANDICAP** Positions open to men between 17 and 45 years of age in many states.
- **GOOD PAY, SECURE.** Start at up to

... a year, with regular pay in-

CAREER CONSERVATIONISTS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED!
With more and more positions taking to field and forest... with many allocating more money for conservation... with government and government-owned game reserves... Your Services! We are not government employees but dedicated to the great outdoors. Help you get ready for the next examination in your area. Mail Coupon Today.

and their against fire, insect, disease - supervise parents. Starting salaries good. Opportunities open in many areas. For info, call - at home!

NEW MACHINERY WORK: A job a father man might dream about! Artificially, propogated trout, bass, pike, cat... Struck depleted lakes and streams, you drive and maintain hatchery equipment. Engineers pay good. Foreman earn up to \$100 yr. Wonderful opportunities. Please, now - at home!

Exciting Features & Gam Every house is unique in its own way, and this is no exception. The house is a masterpiece of design, with a unique layout and a variety of features. The house is a masterpiece of design, with a unique layout and a variety of features. The house is a masterpiece of design, with a unique layout and a variety of features.

PRESTIGE Command the respect of others! Your uniform symbolizes the vigilance needed to conserve America's precious natural resources.

HEALTHFUL, INTERESTING WORK: Experience the stimulating feeling you enjoy on vacations and outings, all the time! You'll live, better, longer in a clean, outdoor environment. Raise your family in health and happiness! **NEWS FROM LOW COST HOUSING, INC.**

...able benefits—possible with some tax and government carrots? No job offers more of the truly important things in life! Learn now how to apply

INVESTIGATE NEW
CAREER OPPORTUNITIES
IN THE GREAT OUTDOOR

Why just "put in your time" on a dull, uninteresting job... living only for the moment when you can go hunting, fishing, or camping? Prepare NOW—at home, spare time. Learn how to apply for the fascinating conservation job you've always wanted. Let your love for the field and forest guide you to real success and happiness, as it has so many others! Discover how easy it may be to prepare yourself, to go after and GET the outdoor position of your choice—Mail coupon below today.

BOTH FREE!

BOTH FREE!
 ACT-A-JOB: 1 Year
 Large colorfully illustrated BOOK.
 LET, TELL, explain complete
 job-getting facts, plus how
 to get free "SE-
 LECT-A-JOB"

CHART™. This revealing chart lets you instantly match your background, education, interests, etc. against many fascinating outdoor job opportunities.

FREE INFORMATION — MAIL TODAY

HOME STUDY EDUCATION, Dept. 20-3
1008 S. La Brea, Los Angeles 26, California
Book and FREE Job Opportunity Booklet & FREE
Salary & Job Class details, without obligation, this
advertisement will call.

Name _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

EDUCATORS

1408 S. La Brea,
Los Angeles 28, Calif.

'SOME MARRY FOR BEAUTY!'



"Some marry for beauty and never discover their mistake. This is lucky. Some marry for money, and don't see it . . . Some marry for love without a cent in their pocket." But SINGLE OR MARRIED, you'll go for this sexy "undress" view of bride and groom. So set your sights for a most revealing experience.

FULL-PAGE CARTOONS



MARRIAGE MISCHIEF is brand-new, deviously undressed, with original full-page cartoons. Gay and tricky as wedding champagne, it will keep you giggling through a season of marriages. And talking of pigs, here's a hogger! Give **MARRIAGE MISCHIEF** as a wedding or anniversary present. Try it out on your spouse or yourself.

FEATURES

- ✓ What Every Bride Should Know
 - ✓ Counsel for the Bewildered Groom
 - ✓ The Truth About Trustees
 - ✓ From Smoker to Bedroom
 - ✓ Housewifery—Conventions and Otherwise
 - ✓ Hazards of the First Night
 - ✓ The Bachelor Dinner
 - ✓ The Wedding Date
- And many more provoking topics

ORDER ON APPROVAL

Only **MARRIAGE MISCHIEF** in plain wrapper for 10 days' FREE examination. If not thoroughly satisfied, return for immediate refund of complete purchase price.

ONLY
98¢

MAIL COUPON TODAY

PLAZA BOOK CO. (DEPT. A-73)
109 Broad St., New York 6, N. Y.

Send **MARRIAGE MISCHIEF** in plain wrapper. If not satisfied, I may return it in 10 days for refund.

- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postage the plus postage.
- ☐ I enclose \$5—no postpaid.

Name

Address

City State

Send **MARRIAGE MISCHIEF**—\$1.98 with no postpaid.

TRIAL by FURY



He cursed her—but could not break
her eye-witness story!

THE SMALL TOWN of Bowden, Kentucky was awakened one morning by the anguished cries of Bob Turner. "Betty's gone," he wailed. "I can't find my daughter!"

These words were a challenge to Sheriff Burr of the local police force. With a large posse, he started to hunt night and day for the schoolgirl who had gone on an errand the day before, and never returned.

The grueling search continued for 10 days, without success, and eventually the posse disbanded.

Two months later, while looking for a hidden still in an old mine shaft, the sheriff came across the decayed remains of a young girl.

The officer immediately summoned Betty Turner's father. The elderly man viewed the corpse with tears streaming down his face. "That's my little girl," he said, sobbing.

"Are you positive?" Burr asked. Anguished, Turner nodded and handed the officer a small gold circlet. "This ring you found here is the one I gave my daughter on her twelfth birthday."

Burr's face grew tense. "Now that identification is positive, I won't rest until I find the murderer."

News of Burr's discovery spread like wildfire through Bowden. But before the sheriff could grill any suspects, a woman burst into his office. He recognized her as Ann Sawyer.

"I know who murdered Betty Turner," she said with flashing eyes. "It was Bill Waters, a cab driver. I saw Betty in his cab the day she disappeared!"

Though the sheriff could not take such slim evidence seriously, he summoned Waters to Headquarters. Thirty minutes later, the cabbie left, freed by an iron-clad alibi.

But that same afternoon, Ann Sawyer again flounced into Burr's roomy office. The tale she now told made the sheriff's eyes pop. The

woman claimed that she had seen Waters club Betty Turner into unconsciousness, attack her, and then thrust her body down the mine shaft!

This time, Waters' protests of innocence fell on deaf ears. He was instantly indicted for murder. And though his counsel insisted that the corpse in the shaft was not Betty Turner, the cab driver was found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment.

The people of Bowden believed a merciless killer had received his just desserts. Only his faithful wife grieved for the man behind bars.

But exactly one year later, someone else remembered the cabbie. Patrolman George Savage, vacationing in Franklin, Kentucky, was galvanized into action by a familiar name he saw on a hotel register. It was that of Betty Turner!

In three hours, the officer located Betty—prettier than ever and in the best of health. The girl could hardly believe a man had been imprisoned for her murder.

"Why nothing at all happened to me," she explained. "I ran away from home because I couldn't get along with my step-mother."

Betty returned to Bowden immediately, and Bill Waters became a free man once more.

Meanwhile, Ann Sawyer was taken into custody. She refused to explain her vicious lie. But now Waters was able to do so.

"She wanted me to divorce my wife and marry her. I wouldn't, so she accused me of murder to get even with me."

Thus, a love-crazed woman kept an innocent man in prison for one long year—paying with precious hours of his life for a "murder" that had actually never been committed!

EDITOR'S NOTE: To protect a person innocently involved in this case, all names are fictitious as used here.

THE END

MEAT CUTTING OFFERS YOU SUCCESS And SECURITY

In The Best Established Business In The World • PEOPLE MUST EAT!

TRAIN QUICKLY in 8 short weeks for a job with a bright and secure future in the vital meat business. Trained meat men needed. Good pay, full-time jobs, year-round income, no lay-offs—HAVE A PROFITABLE MARKET OF YOUR OWN!

LEARN BY DOING

Get your training under actual meat market conditions in our big modern cutting and processing rooms and retail meat market. Expert instructors show you how—then you do each job yourself. Nearly a million dollars' worth of meat is cut, processed, displayed and merchandised by National students yearly!

PAY AFTER GRADUATION

Come to National for complete 8-weeks course and pay your tuition in easy installments after you graduate. Diploma awarded. Free employment help. Thousands of successful graduates. OUR 35th YEAR!

FREE CATALOG—MAIL COUPON

Send now for big, new, illustrated National School catalog. See students in training. Read what graduates are doing and earning. See meat you cut and equipment you work with. No obligation. No salesman will call. Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal card. Get all the facts NOW! G. I. APPROVED.

National School Of Meat Cutting, Inc.
Dept. B-25 Toledo 4, Ohio



NATIONAL SCHOOL OF MEAT CUTTING, INC., Dept. B-25, Toledo 4, Ohio
Send me FREE 52-page catalog either on LEARN-TO DOING training in PROFITABLE MEAT CUTTING, SUCCESSFUL MEAT MERCHANDISING and SELF-SERVICE MEATS at Toledo. No obligation. No salesman will call.
(Approved for Training Korean Veterans)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

THIS TANK HOLDS

4,538 TROPICAL FISH
WORTH \$2,456⁶⁵!

WOW!

—AND YOU BREED THEM IN YOUR SPARE TIME—IN YOUR HOME

YES BOB, I BREED THEM IN MY BACK PORCH THEY ALMOST SELL THEMSELVES. TOO, BELIEVE ME THE "BOOM" HAS STARTED

DID IT COST YOU MUCH TO START?

NO—ONLY A FEW DOLLARS, A LITTLE SPACE AND MY SPARE TIME AND THE LITTLE KNOWN BREEDING SECRETS ARE ALL YOU NEED TO START. IF YOU'RE INTERESTED—LEARN THE FACTS TODAY!—THE "BIG BOOM" HAS STARTED SO CASH IN ON IT NOW!

EARN BIG PROFITS In Your Spare Time!

If you have a little space in a SPARE ROOM, PORCH, BASEMENT, GARAGE... ANYWHERE. Investigate this "chance of a lifetime" opportunity of breeding rare tropical fish for profit. The tropical fish "BOOM" IS JUST BEGINNING and here's your opportunity to cash in on it now. Experts estimate \$780 MILLION DOLLARS will be spent on tropical fish within next ten years. Investigate now—Rush coupon below.

Join others that are saying "Business prospects amazing." J. K. G. "Dealers want all I can breed." J. P. Ore. "Pays off large dividends." R. D. N. Y., etc.

1 and 2 FREE!
(BOTH)

MAIL THIS COUPON BELOW TODAY!

IT'S EASY! Once you know the SECRETS you may breed exotic ANGEL FISH; Zebra striped DANIO; beautiful GOURAMI; m-jestic FIGHTING FISH; the mysterious weather predictors and BRILLIANTLY BEAUTIFUL rare tropicals of every kind. Sell for up to \$15.00 pr. Amazing Profit!

SOME TROPICAL FISH LAY TO 600 EGGS AT A TIME. That's why tropical fish breeding is so profitable. Nature multiplies your \$5.

This advertisement is an URGENT APPEAL OPPORTUNITY Orders backlogged in many areas. RUSH coupon NOW!

"How to Learn Breeding Secrets" Booklet. VIEWER PROJECTOR KIT WITH COLOR SLIDES (\$4.95 value) Yours FREE for writing 100 FACTS

Tropical Fish Breeders of America, Dept. B-2 18121 S. Broadway, Los Angeles 45, Calif. Please Rush FREE COLORFUL BOOKLET and a VIEWER PROJECTOR KIT details in me. Both Free! Sending for these does not obligate me in any way

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

TROPICAL FISH BREEDERS OF AMERICA, Dept. B-2 18121 S. Broadway, Los Angeles 45, Calif.

"Keep
it
well-fed,
young
and healthy"



BETTER HAIR THRU BODY CHEMISTRY

... a completely different plan of hair stimulation

Every hair that ever grew on the head of any man or woman, got every particle of its substance in only one way — from the blood stream. Massage of the scalp will usually increase the circulation of blood there. But this means more hair only if the blood stream is carrying the right hair-building materials.

Two kinds of hair-building materials are now known:

- (1) Hair foods, such as cysteine, and
- (2) Controllers of the hair foods — organic catalysts, formed from certain vitamins, iodine, etc.

Both the CY-BEX formula contains both kinds; in fact it has almost the entire list (except sex hormones)

of the most important hair-building substances known today.

Research scientists have proved that these substances can stimulate the growth of hair even when used separately.*

Combined in the CY-BEX formula, they have consistently benefited nearly 70 per cent of all known users — some slightly, some markedly, some really spectacularly.



Users of this natural method of hair improvement, both men and women, have reported one or more of these benefits:

- (1) New hair on bald or thin areas.*
- (2) More "life" (slight coarsening) in hair that had become too fine.
- (3) Prompt reduction of falling hair.
- (4) Increased waviness for those who already had some tendency toward a wave.
- (5) Feeling of well-being, livelier health and energy.

NO TROUBLESOME, TIME-CONSUMING ROUTINE. NO EXPENSIVE OFFICE CALLS. Your own family need not know the special potency of your vitamin-plus capsules, unless you tell them. **STOP THAT BALDING TREND NOW BEFORE IT GETS MORE SERIOUS!**

Dr. E. F. Barrows, member of the science staff at one of the Oregon state colleges, is the originator of the CY-BEX formula. A feature article on his early research work appeared in the Oregon Journal of October 19, 1952, under the headline "Professor's Project Uncovers Hair Aid." Now his improved and carefully tested product is ready for nation-wide use.

Guarantee. Although we cannot yet promise greater hair growth to every user of CY-BEX, we do guarantee that if for any reason you are not fully satisfied with your very first bottle-full, you may, within one year of purchase, return the empty bottle and we will promptly refund your money. We have great confidence in our product.

*References: Taken from the published research papers on the growth of hair caused by these ingredients—quintones with exact page references from *Physiological Reviews*, *Science*, *Journal of Biological Chemistry* and other scientific publications will be sent free if requested, along with further suggestions for care of hair. Or if you prefer that all mention of the hair-stimulating qualities of these vitamin-plus capsules be omitted from the package, please so indicate.

BASIC REMEDIES, 140 N. Echols St., Dept. KM 5

Moosmouth, Oregon

Rush me postpaid 150 CY-BEX capsules (3 months' supply).

☐ I enclose \$4.50 in full payment. . . Or

☐ I enclose 30¢ (stamp or coin)—send G.O.D.

☐ Send free other suggestions for care of hair, which vitamins to avoid, and quotations from the technical journals.

Name _____

Address _____

Too Little Poison!

(continued from page 37)

or infamous, Mrs. Maybrick had found her way to Gaylordsville!

For 20 years, they watched the increasingly eccentric "Mrs. Chandler" lead her solitary life. Toward the last, her house was overrun with cats and, as the Gaylordsville people tactfully put it, she let the niceties of household hygiene go by the board. Certainly, her house was a mess when in September, 1941, her wizened body was found on the kitchen floor amid an indescribable clutter of saucers of stale milk, yellowing copies of the *New York Times* (the only reading matter she could afford) and a round dozen of frantic and bewildered cats.

The woman's identity came to light then. It was hard to believe that this human derelict had once been the enchanting Mrs. Maybrick of London and Liverpool fame, the "American Beauty of England," who had turned noblemen's heads when she drove down Regent Street.

Mrs. Maybrick, born Florence Chandler in Mobile, Alabama, in 1862, went to England at the age of 18 and snared herself James Maybrick—a middle aged sportsman, cotton merchant and cad. Business compelled Mr. Maybrick to make his home in Liverpool, then a gloomy and sinister port that could easily inspire gloomy and sinister thoughts. It seemed to have inspired them in Mrs. Maybrick.

James Maybrick had been a philanthropist to begin with, but after his marriage he settled down to some serious carousing. His wild horsebetting became national legend, likewise his prowess and fortitude with young ladies. For his mornings-after, which must have been terrifying to him and everyone else, he swore by a preparation of his chemist-liquor arsenic.

Oddly enough, young Mrs. Maybrick found that an arsenic lotion was excellent for her complexion—which was suffering about this time from late hours and the rich Victorian diet. Since arsenic was not easily obtained in quantity, she bought flypaper and patiently soaked the arsenic out of it in her china wash bowl. This was observed by one of the maids, Alice Yapp, who was to tell about it later when the trial came up.

The Maybricks had two young children by 1889, and for social reasons, they pretended to be a bappy man and wife. Actually, they led separate lives. James had other women; Florence had at least one other man. There was a quarrel in the spring of 1889 and talk of a divorce but this seems to have been

WILL YOU SMOKE MY NEW KIND OF PIPE 30 Days at My Risk?

By E. A. CAREY

All I want is your name so I can write and tell you why I'm willing to send you my pipe for 30 days smoking without a cent of risk on your part.



My new pipe is not a new model, not a new style, not a new gadget, not an improvement on old style pipes. It is the first pipe in the world to use an ENTIRELY NEW PRINCIPLE for giving unadulterated pleasure to pipe smokers.

I've been a pipe smoker for 30 years—always looking for the ideal pipe—buying all the disappointing gadgets—never finding a single, solitary pipe that would smoke hour after hour, day after day, without bitterness, bite, or sludge.

With considerable doubt, I decided to work out something for myself. After months of experimenting and scores of disappointments, suddenly, almost by accident, I discovered how to harness four great natural laws to give me everything I wanted in a pipe. It didn't require any "breaking in". From the first puff it smoked cool—it smoked mild. It smoked right down to the last bit of tobacco without bite. It never has to be "rested". AND it never has to be cleaned! Yet it is utterly impossible for goo or sludge to reach your tongue, because my invention cleanses the pipe as it burns!

You might expect all this to require a complicated mechanical gadget, but when you see it, the most surprising thing will be that I've done all this in a pipe that looks like any of the finest conventional pipes.

The claim I could make for this new principle in tobacco enjoyment are so spectacular that no pipe smoker would believe them. So, since "seeing is believing", I am saying "Smoking is convincing" and I want to send you one Carey pipe to smoke 30 days at my risk. At the end of that time, if you're willing to give up your Carey Pipe, simply break it to bits—and return it to me—the trial has cost you nothing.

Please send me your name today. The coupon or a postal card will do. I'll send you absolutely free my complete trial offer so you can decide for yourself whether or not my pipe-smoking friends are right when they say the Carey Pipe is the greatest smoking invention ever patented. Send your name today. As one pipe smoker to another, I'll guarantee you the improvement of your life. FREE. Write E. A. Carey, 1800 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 551, Chicago 40, Illinois.

E. A. CAREY, 1800 Sunnyside Ave., DEPT. 551, CHICAGO 40, ILLINOIS

Please send facts about the Carey Pipe. Then I will decide if I want to try it for 30 days at YOUR RISK. Everything you read is free. No salesman is to call.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

patched up. Mrs. Maybrick made a trip to London and stayed at a hotel with an anonymous lover.

To make James' story short, his chronic dyspepsia or alcoholic ulcers laid him very low in May, 1889, and a day and a night nurse were installed in the Liverpool house. Under the circumstances, Mrs. Maybrick showed a solicitude that might have been commendable at a glance. The nurses, however, soon told the London doctor that her bedside manner was "both suspicious and surreptitious."

FOR INSTANCE, there was the time a bottle of medicine disappeared from James' bedtable for 12 hours. When it reappeared, one of James' two brothers, frequent visitors to the sickbed, whisked it off to Dr. Carter for analysis. A half grain of arsenic was found in the half bottle of liquid that remained. To say the least, Dr. Carter and the brothers got their suspicions up about Florence and they made residence in the house hell for her.

"I can't even bring him a glass of water!" Florence burst out tearfully one day when the three stalwart men blocked her way into James' bedroom.

Seven pairs of eyes glared hostilely at her—the doctor's, the two nurses, the two brothers' and the two maids'.

Moreover, another of the maids made so bold as to rip open a letter to London which Mrs. Maybrick had given her to mail.

It was to Florence Maybrick's anonymous and patient lover:

My husband is sick unto death.

When James' brothers were informed of this, their war against Florence came into the open. By May 11th, James Maybrick was dead, and the brothers could hardly wait for the autopsy. Disappointingly, only a tenth of a grain was found in his stomach—not even equivalent to James' morning dose, one might think. A minimum fatal dose of arsenic is two grains.

Therein, perhaps, lies the mystery of the whole Maybrick case—and its solution. Florence Maybrick was simply too afraid, too unsure of herself, to administer the big dose necessary to carry off an arsenic tippler of James' capacities. There is not much doubt she played at it. But, according to all medical testimony at the autopsy, at the trial, during the long rehashings that followed in the next 20 years, James Maybrick did not die of arsenical poisoning.

But there were a pair of raging brothers, the bitter nurses, the gabbling housemaids who at last had an

WE SET YOU UP IN A GOOD MONEY-MAKING BUSINESS FREE!

No Money Needed!
Nothing to Buy!
No Special Experience!

KEEP YOUR PRESENT JOB—WORK SPARE TIME AT FIRST

Hundreds of companies—laundries, dairies, gas stations, truckers—are looking for smart work uniforms like these. We need men to take their orders. There's big money in an exciting full time business of your own filling this ever increasing demand. We'll furnish everything you need free. We'll tell you exactly what to do, who to see, what to say. A car is useful but not necessary. There's lots of prospects right in your own neighborhood. And you meet new and interesting people, make new friends every day. Repeat business snowballs your earnings.

Coupon Brings Complete Story
Keep working on your present job. A few hours of your spare time will prove that this is the opportunity you've been waiting for. We can prove to you that others like yourself are

currently making \$10,000 to \$12,000 a year in this pleasant, stimulating career. Fill out the coupon below for full details and a complete Order Kit containing everything you'll need to put you in business right now.

The Gen. Master Garment Co.,
792 Water Street, Ligonier, Indiana

The Gen. Master Garment Co.,
792 Water St., Ligonier, Ind.

Please send me your complete Order Kit with complete instructions on how I can start a business of my own. I understand everything you send me is free and will cost me nothing now or ever. After a 10 day test if I do not see this is a really BIG OPPORTUNITY for me, I'll return the kit to you.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

RUPTURE

RELIEF... OF YOUR MONEY BACK
Original, patented Web,
copied but never matched.
Users say it's best ever. Relief
or no cost to you. Write:
WEB TRUSS CO., Dept. 2D-3, Hagerstown, Md.

LEARN PLASTICS

Complete LOW COST Shop Method HOME TRAINING NOW AVAILABLE
Get in on the Big Money opportunity in Plastic building, roofing, termite, etc. Earn as you learn with face-to-face instruction. No previous experience. All similar materials furnished.

INTERSTATE TRAINING SERVICE
DEPT. C-30, PORTLAND 12, OREGON

BRAND NEW BLUE-STEEL

22 Cal. Black Cartridge
GEMMA AUTOMATIC, 11 Rounds,
8 Shot Revolver

Latest model, new & improved
with 11 high speed shots and
has amazing safety catch and
locking device. Being sold at
the rate and service of World's Greatest
model, guaranteed, never for anything but
terminal performance, etc. 2" long,
1000 rounds, 1000 rounds, 1000 rounds,
etc. of course order and save 1000 rounds.
\$7.95
postpaid
Dept. E-21, 1110 North Ave.,
New York 30, N. Y.

BIG THREE, Etc.

Ceramic CUFF LINKS

"Custom Made for YOU Alone"



"FOR THE MAN WHO CARES"
Hand-crafted in expertly finished white ceramic, with finish on gold initials, and swirls. Both these conversation-piece beauties will be the talk of the town. Send your first and last initial, along with check or M. O., for \$6.95 per pair. Your money refunded if your friends don't rave.

Ceramics Ltd. 2341 University Ave.
St. Paul, Minn.
Dept. 64-1

MAGNIFYING GLASSES

FOR FOLKS OVER 40



NOW...magnifying lenses for elderly folks who don't wear glasses regularly who do not have magnification or dilation of the eye and who have difficulty reading newspapers, the Bible and doing their work. It's no longer necessary to struggle and squint with old fashioned magnifying glass which has only one lens. Because Precision Magnifying glasses bring you a magnifying lens for each eye and help you read and eliminate. Perfect reading machine for after hour like you never did before. Try them at home on a free day trial plan that means no cash for doubt.

PRECISION MAGNIFYING GLASSES

A Blessing for Elderly Folks

Lenses are scientifically (and free) ground and polished, then fitted with a frame of unbreakable crystal. Truly they add to your looks, and, for reading purposes they're wonderful. Complete satisfaction guaranteed. Best order a pair today.

SEND NO MONEY
Just mail name, address and age. We'll arrive your glasses only \$4.95 plus C.O.D. postage. Wear them 5 days, then, if you aren't more than satisfied return for refund of purchase price. If you react with your order, we ship prepaid, minus postage. Thank You!

PRECISION OPTICAL, INC.
Dept. 654-C, Rockville, Md.

upper hand. And Florence Maybrick had not a chance in the world.

Her attorney, Sir Charles Russell, was famed as a brilliant orator. But if it was he who advised her to keep her husband's dissipation a secret so that she would appear to have less motive, he was not so brilliant in the summer of 1889. Her own brief escapade in the London hotel was dug up and aired in court, so that she appeared a faithless spouse who had most despicably poisoned her exemplary mate for her lover. Everything conspired against her. The flypaper Alice Yapp had seen long before James' death could only have been her cool preparation for his murder. The only witness in her behalf, chemist James Heaton who sold liquor arsenicals, was so ill when he testified, his voice could hardly be heard. Perhaps the jury did not wish to hear it too well. And, to be perfectly just, it was strange that various closets in the Maybrick household should disclose caches of arsenic—in a salt box, in a shoe pocket, a laundry receptacle. In all, they added up to an amount which would have killed five or six persons!

The jury debated 35 minutes and returned a verdict of "Guilty."

MRS. MAYBRICK was put in jail for life, which meant 20 years, with three months off each year for good behavior. But even then, a noisy handful, mainly on the other side of the Atlantic, dared to say they believed Mrs. Maybrick innocent.

They plagued Queen Victoria with petitions until the august lady was moved to say she was "neither amused nor interested." Doctors reaffirmed in newspapers that James Maybrick did not die of arsenic.

Perhaps the times had to change before Florence Maybrick's luck could be that easier-going monarch, Edward VII, who reigned when her reprieve came in 1904, signed by his own hand. Florence Maybrick left England immediately and forever. Her two children had died during her imprisonment. She had nothing.

For several years in Highland Park and in Florida, she kept her notorious name but even in America she found more scorn than kindness. She had never, apparently, been very clever or diplomatic and she did not know how to reinstate herself gracefully in society. She wrote a book, productive of more boredom than sympathy, called Mrs. Maybrick's Own Story.

Years later, her story was to inspire Anthony Berkeley to write *The Wychford Poisoning Case*, and Sydney Grundy his famous play, *A Fool's Paradise*.

Today, Florence Maybrick stands in the hall of infamy side by side with Borgia and Madeline Smith. The murderer who could not, allegedly, bring herself to use enough arsenic on her husband. Mystery clouds her actual role in the death of James Maybrick but, guilty or not, history, nonetheless, has branded her indelibly for all to see.

THE END



"Here comes our decoy. I knew she'd get better results than bloodhounds!"



If now employed:

you can profitably operate in spare time and build a permanent full-time business.

If you have longed for the prestige and financial independence of YOUR OWN business, you can now realize this desire . . . if you can qualify for a Duraclean dealership. We are now enlarging this 20-year-old chain of independently-owned service dealerships which has rapidly grown to a worldwide service.

You must, however, be reliable, honest, diligent, and able to make a small investment in a business which we will locally assist you in establishing . . . a profession for which we will per-

sonally and quickly train you. If needed, we will help finance you. We want to assure your success. A Duraclean dealer will train and assist you. He'll reveal his successful plan of building customers. He will work with you. This business is easy to learn . . . quickly established.

This is a sound, lifetime business that grows from REPEAT ORDERS and customer RECOMMENDATIONS. Alert dealers can gross an hourly profit of \$5.00 on own service plus \$3.00 on EACH service-man at National Price Guide charges.

You're a Growing, Lifetime Business!

Personally Trained to Expertly Revive, Clean and Preserve Carpets, Rugs, Upholstery . . . without removing from home

As a Duraclean dealer, you learn a profession . . . the proper care of furniture and floor coverings. Duraclean dealers are recognized as specialists in home furnishings maintenance. Large houses, hotels and motels may rely upon them to periodically check their carpets, rugs, upholstery, draperies, etc., to keep them attractive, sanitary, and to protect their life. They are called upon by furniture and department stores to help solve customer problems.

You have the prestige, independence and financial security of YOUR OWN business. You receive the full return from your efforts . . . with the opportunity to steadily increase the income to your family month after month and year after year without waiting for a rise. You have the satisfaction of rendering a real service of the highest quality to the people of your community. Almost every building, house, apartment needing one or both services. Furniture stores, department stores, interior decorators, upholsterers and carpet stores develop Duraclean and Duraclean dealers from their customers. Auto dealers have used car dealerships and take orders from their customers.

Duraclean dealers enjoy annual profit on both materials and labor—after paying services and balance. Some have shops or offices . . . others operate from their home with no overhead expense. No experience is needed. We show you 27 ways to bring customers to you.

Our MUTUAL COOPERATION Program gives you many unique and continuous advantages. National Advertising in Life, McCall, House & Garden, and many others. Copyright and trademark protection. Certificate which approves equipment and materials. Product literature. Step-by-Step "Warrent" Pocket Demonstrator. Sales Book. Advertising Folders & Cards. Travel Ads Ad Lure & Matt. Store Display Cards. Radio & TV Mental Consultants. Home Shows. Dealer Booth. Publicity Program gets FREE local newspaper stories. Prices, Laboratory research and development. Duraclean has been, Retail Service. Annual Conventions. Behind all this is a Headquarters invested in YOUR personal success.

What Dealers Say

- W. Lookfield: "22 years a Duraclean dealer. I have had more business than I could handle. National Advertising in Life, McCall, House & Garden, and many others. Copyright and trademark protection. Certificate which approves equipment and materials. Product literature. Step-by-Step "Warrent" Pocket Demonstrator. Sales Book. Advertising Folders & Cards. Travel Ads Ad Lure & Matt. Store Display Cards. Radio & TV Mental Consultants. Home Shows. Dealer Booth. Publicity Program gets FREE local newspaper stories. Prices, Laboratory research and development. Duraclean has been, Retail Service. Annual Conventions. Behind all this is a Headquarters invested in YOUR personal success."
- J. M. Smith: "I made me 3700 dollars in 12 working days."
- F. Pennington: "One of our dealers in the U.S. We had a big national business last year. We are now in the \$100,000."
- L. Kunkin: "I made 1000 dollars in 12 working days. I have had more business than I could handle. National Advertising in Life, McCall, House & Garden, and many others. Copyright and trademark protection. Certificate which approves equipment and materials. Product literature. Step-by-Step "Warrent" Pocket Demonstrator. Sales Book. Advertising Folders & Cards. Travel Ads Ad Lure & Matt. Store Display Cards. Radio & TV Mental Consultants. Home Shows. Dealer Booth. Publicity Program gets FREE local newspaper stories. Prices, Laboratory research and development. Duraclean has been, Retail Service. Annual Conventions. Behind all this is a Headquarters invested in YOUR personal success."
- E. C. Smith: "I made 1000 dollars in 12 working days. I have had more business than I could handle. National Advertising in Life, McCall, House & Garden, and many others. Copyright and trademark protection. Certificate which approves equipment and materials. Product literature. Step-by-Step "Warrent" Pocket Demonstrator. Sales Book. Advertising Folders & Cards. Travel Ads Ad Lure & Matt. Store Display Cards. Radio & TV Mental Consultants. Home Shows. Dealer Booth. Publicity Program gets FREE local newspaper stories. Prices, Laboratory research and development. Duraclean has been, Retail Service. Annual Conventions. Behind all this is a Headquarters invested in YOUR personal success."
- E. Smith: "I made 1000 dollars in 12 working days. I have had more business than I could handle. National Advertising in Life, McCall, House & Garden, and many others. Copyright and trademark protection. Certificate which approves equipment and materials. Product literature. Step-by-Step "Warrent" Pocket Demonstrator. Sales Book. Advertising Folders & Cards. Travel Ads Ad Lure & Matt. Store Display Cards. Radio & TV Mental Consultants. Home Shows. Dealer Booth. Publicity Program gets FREE local newspaper stories. Prices, Laboratory research and development. Duraclean has been, Retail Service. Annual Conventions. Behind all this is a Headquarters invested in YOUR personal success."
- E. Smith: "I made 1000 dollars in 12 working days. I have had more business than I could handle. National Advertising in Life, McCall, House & Garden, and many others. Copyright and trademark protection. Certificate which approves equipment and materials. Product literature. Step-by-Step "Warrent" Pocket Demonstrator. Sales Book. Advertising Folders & Cards. Travel Ads Ad Lure & Matt. Store Display Cards. Radio & TV Mental Consultants. Home Shows. Dealer Booth. Publicity Program gets FREE local newspaper stories. Prices, Laboratory research and development. Duraclean has been, Retail Service. Annual Conventions. Behind all this is a Headquarters invested in YOUR personal success."

FREE Booklet . . . Send for It

Our first letter and 16 page illustrated booklet will explain everything — the two modern, urgently needed services, writing market, how business grows, your large profit, easy terms and PROVE IT!

EASY TERMS: A modest, payment establishes your own business. Pay balance from sales. We furnish electric machines, folders, store cards, introduction slips, sales book de, demonstrations and enough material to return your TOTAL investment. You can have your business operating in a very few days. Mail coupon today while you can still get a dealership in your location.

Duraclean Co.

Deerfield, Illinois, U.S.A.



No Scrubbing . . . Absorption Removes the Dirt, Like Magic

Duraclean's growth to a worldwide service resulted from customer satisfaction plus its many advantages: user ordinary cleaning. However, clubs, hotels, offices and restaurants deeply appreciate not having furnishings out of use for days and weeks.

They are thrilled when they see their upholstery and floor coverings cleaned with a new procedure for at home and away. Duraclean doesn't muddy cloth . . . it removes actual lubrication by wool and other animal fibers. Latest nerve. The re-cleaning rug and carpet jobs again stand erect and even.

An aerial foam created by the electric foam-er removes dirt, grease and many unsightly spots . . . without scrubbing. Customers tell friends how Duraclean has eliminated the ordinary soaking, shaking and breaking of fibers from harsh machine scrubbing . . . how the mild quick acting foam, lightly applied, penetrates fibers from color stain and roughened fibers that have previously resisted . . . how fabrics look fresher, brighter and look cleaner . . . how convenient it is to use for furnishings gone.

They appreciate the customer personalized service of Duraclean dealers. Such service is NEWS . . . and it spreads to friends and neighbors. Customers become your best salesmen.



Stop Moth and Beetle Damage

DURAPROOF is another year round service rendered right in the home, office or institution—without removing furnishings, it protects carpets, upholstery, furs, clothing, piano-felts and auto interiors from damage by moths or carpet beetles. U. S. Government says, "Moths are present in practically every household . . . No section of the country seems free from infestations." **DURAPROOF** kills moths and carpet beetles . . . it makes materials repellent to both. **DURAPROOF** is backed by an International, 6 YEAR WARRANTY.

"OWN a Business" Coupon

Duraclean Co.

7-474 Duraclean Building, Deerfield, Illinois

Without obligation to me, send FREE booklet and letter giving full details. Tell me how I may OWN a growing business built upon satisfied customers.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____



Men and women are "Bed Animals," say the authors and they proceed to prove it with the friskiest discussion of nighttime intimacies you will ever read! This is a book full of roguish, frolicsome wit that will keep you laughing from cover to cover. For the strangest adventure of all is to find yourself locked in a bedroom with someone of the opposite sex with whom you are required to go to bed and get up for thousands of nights... it's called marriage. It may have just happened to you or it may happen when you least expect it and are least prepared. But whatever your marital state, you'll want to send for this hilarious book of Bedquise today!

CRAMMED WITH RIBALD HUMOR
Laugh and learn from 247 scintillating pages... full of devilish illustrations. Become well-versed in 57 more cranking chapters containing discussions on:
How to get undressed • A short history of Bed Manners (the early French had some peculiar ones!) • Birth control in the sleeping car • The 7 great problems of marriage • and many more.

ORDER NOW
Get Bed Manners and Better Bed Manners complete in 1 giant volume—only \$1.98. Learn your mate's intimate secrets. But married or single... for yourself or a gift, this is the raucous, racy, provocative book ever! Written by Dr. Ralph Y. Hagan and Anne Ballou... illustrated by John Gresh.

10-DAY FREE TRIAL
Read in the privacy of your home. If you don't agree it's the most sensational book of bedroom humor returns in 10 days for full \$1.98 REFUND.

CLIP AND MAIL COUPON TODAY

ADDER BOOK CO., Publishers, Dept. SE-5
380 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
RUSH me both books... Bed Manners and Better Bed Manners. Send me 1 giant volume, for FREE 10-DAY TRIAL.
☐ I enclose \$1.98. Send Payment I SAVE POSTAGE.
Send C.O.D. 10 day payment \$1.98 plus postage and C.O.D. charges.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
C.O.D. in U.S. only. Foreign send \$1.98 in U.S. funds or convertible in U.S.

No Place for Virgins

(continued from page 25)

When a victim cries, 'enough,' there is no quitting—differing from some of the boy hoodlums, who occasionally show mercy to their vanquished foes.

Many—perhaps a majority—of fights between rival boy gangs erupt as a result of disputes over girls.

"I don't doubt in the least that if all the girls were removed from the face of the earth," said one New York Youth Board official, "the boys would find something else to fight about."

And, by the same token, he added, when the girls fight—they fight over boys.

In the New York area, particularly, organized girl gangs are waxing ever more powerful. And this despite statements by the Police Department's Juvenile Aid Bureau that "things have quieted down."

Investigators of this mounting menace believe the police base their

opinions on inadequate statistics. They emphasize that "many youngsters victimized by the gangs are afraid to report their experiences to the authorities."

Arthur Clinton, director of the New York Public School System's Bureau of Attendance, said many children were afraid to go to school because of the vicious beatings perpetrated by youthful terrorists—both boys and girls.

"In some communities, it is probably very wise for a child to belong to a gang. Otherwise he is a target."

Recently, when a teen-age girl, a good student, failed to report to school, she was promptly visited by truant officers. After being literally sworn to secrecy, the frightened girl gave them her reason.

Three hoodlumettes had ganged up on her, she said, and given her a terrible beating. Why? Because she had been found guilty by her attackers of being "too popular," and was further charged with having "taken away" one of the trio's boy friend.

The fantastic story of the girl

ANSWERS TO
PHOTO QUIZ
ON PAGE 14

1. Martha Beck



2. Bonnie Parker



3. Juanita Spinelli



4. Winnie Ruth Judd



5. Bonnie Heady



LARGE BUST

STYLE CATALOG

FREE!



Sizes
34 to 60

Wide variety of styles to help fitness, maintain weight, trim, etc. also includes: bathing suits, slacks, blouses, dresses, etc. Send for your FREE style list (reprints only \$2.00). Rush \$2.00 plus postage no prepaid.



TESTED SALES, Dept. C-109
296 Broadway, N. Y. C.

INVENTORS

When you are satisfied that you have invented a matter of value—write me, without obligation, for full information on what steps you should take to secure a Patent.

PATRICK D. BEAVERS

Registered Patent Attorney

1000 Columbia Building, Washington 14, D. C.



HIGH SCHOOL
No classes to attend. Easy open time—turning covers big chance of money. Friendly instructors, standard tests. Full credit for previous schooling. Diploma awarded. Write now for FREE catalog!
WAYNE SCHOOL Catalog HBH15
2527 Sheffield Ave., Chicago 16, Illinois



Suffer Varicose LEG SORES?
If you suffer pain and anxiety of Varicose Veins, or Open Leg Sores, write away at once for FREE Book "YOUR LEGS, THE MIGHTY NEW REMEDY". This all about this 100-year-old method, praised and endorsed by thousands of doctors. Write now for FREE Book. 2150 N. Green Bay Ave., Milwaukee 12, Wisconsin



WE MATCH PANTS To Any Suit!
Double the life of your suit and vest with perfectly matched pants. 500,000 patterns. Every pair hand tailored to your measures. Our suits cost \$100. FREE for your O. C. Indian pants are made. Fit guaranteed. Send photo of suit for pattern.
SWEET MATCH PANTS COMPANY
209 S. State St. Dept. 96 Chicago



Find HIDDEN TREASURES
GOLD, SILVER, PRECIOUS METALS with the Famous Model 27 Search Detector. Lightest and most sensitive. Use in Home, Farm, Auto, GROUND, COUNTRY, the ocean and the MOUNTAIN for targets.
— DEMONSTRATION FREE
The Detection Corp. Dept. C-17
5102 Montreal Ave., Hollywood, Calif.



UGER AUTOMATIC WHOLESALE SALE \$298
6.50 mm.
10 Shot Magazine
REVOLVER by MAUSER
Czechoslovak from the FAMOUS
GERMAN FINEST SHOOTING AUTOMATIC LUGER
By the proud owner of this EXCITING
AUTOMATIC model and the only of your
kind! Located in 500 Blackhawk of
High Street #455 Stores and FAMOUS
FAMOUS (the only one in the world)
SHARP 1000 (no-unlimited loaded) LUGER
COPPER (not an air or CO2 gun. FIRES 10 SLUGS
IN 4 SECS. FREE!
FREE-FREE SURPRISE PACKAGE! PLUS 100
plus with order of LUGER, at \$5.95 order now—while
it's in a TWO DAY SALE!
LONG TERM SPECIAL! SUPER BONUS! Surprisers! Just
IMPORTED from the BEST and only 24-30 (100) and
Surpriser! First come, first served. Giving FREE at this price
for the, HARRY HARRY NO C.O.B.A.
Krieger Labs., 58-1780 N. McCadden Pl., Flm'd 28, Cal.

gangs was spelled out recently at a meeting of outraged parents in Levittown, New York.

Most of the parents asked that their names be withheld because they were afraid their daughters would be beaten in reprisal.

One man told the meeting that his 12-year-old daughter, had been severely beaten by a band of Imperial Hoods.

"Last summer," he said, "a girl was beaten unconscious by the same gang beside a Levittown bathing pool."

"One of the attackers was a girl who had beaten my daughter . . ."

"Last February, a group of at least 10 girls attacked another girl. She was rescued by her mother, who had parked in her car outside the school."

"As they drove away, the gang threw stones at the car and yelled obscenities . . ."

A mother, who preferred not to have her name published, told the meeting:

"The Hoods meet (at school) during lunchtime. They make their plans then. My daughter says no one ever knows whom the gang will attack next."

The gang girl, so faithfully portrayed by the Williamsburg Hawks, is a phenomenon of today—not something we look back upon as a curiosity of a time gone by, a warped product of another era.

At the hour that this is written, teletype machines in newspaper offices throughout the country are busily tapping out the story of a 15-year-old girl . . .

She is first seen by passersby on the street. She is teetering on the roof-ledge of a five-story apartment building in the Bronx.

"Go back, go back!" shout the horrified people who gather in the street.

But the girl does not hear them.

Now she begins to scream hysterically. She sways drunkenly. And, time and again, she almost plunges from her precarious perch to certain death upon the pavement below.

Rescuers climb up through the building, among them two of her classmates.

As they gain the roof, it is plain to them that the girl is dazed, out of her senses entirely.

And she is bleeding.

The horrified crowd grows in the street. All eyes are turned upward toward the girl as she swavers on the brink of eternity.

Now her schoolmates—two boys—call to her softly, reassuringly. At first, she seems unaware of their presence. But they continue to coax her—"Come back. It's all right, come back . . ."

At last the imperiled girl seems

to understand. She steps back a few inches—a few more—and the boys clasp her in their arms and carry her to safety.

The girl had been on the roof edge for a full 10 minutes—any second of which might have been her last.

Weeping and hysterical, she is taken to Lincoln Hospital. She is barely coherent, but she manages to sob out the reason for her presence on the roof.

"They chased me, they beat me," she cries.

"Who chased you. Who do you mean?"

"That gang of girls," she moans. "They jumped on me after school."

The girl's trembling fingers touched an ugly wound on her right cheek.

"They scratched and beat me—and bit me."

She could not say, then, how she got to the roof. All she knew was that she had been savagely attacked and had been running for her life . . .

They are tough, indeed, the gang girls of New York—the teen-age terrorists who today prow the streets of Any City, U.S.A.

THE END

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1934, SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF WORKS IN PRINT PUBLISHED QUARTERLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y. for October 1, 1964.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers:
Publisher: Arthur Bernhard, 278 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; Editor: Bill Goff, 278 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor: Anne Sills, 278 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Skye Publishing Co., Inc., 278 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Arthur Bernhard, 278 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.
4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mail or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date above shown was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semi-weekly, and tri-weekly newspapers only.)

ARTHUR BERNHARD
(Signature of the Publisher)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of September, 1964.

ALEXANDER ADIN
Notary Public
My commission expires March 30, 1971.

CARBURETOR SAVES GAS VACUATING OVERRICK MIXTURES



Carburetors that pump 30 to 40 cc. and maintain normal psi to enrich mixture, will be glad to learn how you can save. Easily converted to any motor (automotive or domestic), and operates on any pressure available. For more information, write to: **SALESMEN WANTED! By Frantz**
For FRZ's particulars, have your motor set up on your own car for a demonstration, just send a self-addressed stamped envelope to your name and address on a postcard to: **VAC-MATIC CARBURETOR, Dept. 68, Milwaukee, Wis.**

SHINE WITHOUT 'POLISH'



NEW
Cars Clean Like Mirror
Don't waste time and money on expensive polishes, waxes, greases, etc. Shine your car like a mirror with **QUICK EASY!** Car Shine. It's the only product that cleans, polishes, and waxes in one step. It's the only product that cleans, polishes, and waxes in one step. It's the only product that cleans, polishes, and waxes in one step. **QUICK EASY!**
Samples for trial
Samples of our product sent to you on request. No money down. No obligation. **QUICK EASY!**
Write to: **QUICK EASY! Car Shine, Dept. 2302, New York, N.Y.**

READING GLASSES THAT MAGNIFY



WEAR THEM ON 10-DAY TRIAL

Read small print by wearing these Precision Eye Glasses! Wear them 10 days on trial. If you like them, we'll give you a magnificent glass for both eyes at the same time. Get new pleasure out of reading newspapers, magazines, this, and all the rest. Read large letters with ease. These are the only glasses that magnify. They are the only glasses that magnify. They are the only glasses that magnify. **SEND NO MONEY!**

NOW! PRECISION ONLY \$3.98
Precision Eye Glasses are made especially made for both eyes at 1/2 the cost of other glasses. They are made especially made for both eyes at 1/2 the cost of other glasses. They are made especially made for both eyes at 1/2 the cost of other glasses. **SEND NO MONEY!**

SEND NO MONEY!
Send name, age, and sex today. We'll send you a pair of Precision Eye Glasses. If you don't like them, we'll refund your money. If you do like them, we'll give you a magnificent glass for both eyes at the same time. **SEND NO MONEY!**
ZEVEK OPTICAL CO., 5726 BRADWAY, DEPT. 1-345, CHICAGO 40, ILLINOIS

IT'S EASY... MAKE MONEY IN PHOTOGRAPHY
If you have ever taken a photograph, you can make money in photography. We'll show you how. We'll show you how. We'll show you how. **47TH YEAR**

PIN-UP
Costumes & Singers
This is the latest thing in glamour. **GLAMOUR LIFE**
P.O. Box 1041, Birmingham, Ala.

POLICE AUTHORITY!
AT LAST! YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED!
HARDWORK TELLS YOU
WHAT POLICE CAN AND CANNOT DO AMOUNT OF PHYSICAL FORCE POLICE MAY USE UNDER CIRCUMSTANCES UNDER WHICH ARRESTS MAY BE MADE DEFENSES TO CRIMINAL CHARGES

SEND \$1.00 CASH WITH NAME AND ADDRESS TO: BARR PUBLICATIONS, Dept. C, Box 503, Beverly Hills, California
OFFER GOOD IN U.S. ONLY

BZARRE BOOK SERVICE
Dept. 214
40 E. 23rd St., N.Y. 10, N.Y.
We secure rare, out-of-print selections, countless at premium prices. Give titles, authors or subjects desired. (We buy private libraries—stand by). Be SURE to send self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

Learn BAKING at home
Baking is one of America's great industries. It's a great industry. It's a great industry. **FREE! Recipe!** Opportunity in Commercial Baking School.
NATIONAL BAKING SCHOOL
630 Broadway Plaza, Dept. 131, Chicago 24, Ill.

FREE COMPLETE 72-PAGE BLUE BOOK CATALOG Shows You HOW to WIN at CANS, DICE



Now you can win every time! You can win every time! You can win every time! **K.C. CARD CO.**
Room 311, Chicago 3, Ill.

IMPORTANT Medical Facts For Every Man Who Has Passed His 40th Birthday

Men, too, Go through "Change of Life"

DOCTORS CALL IT "MALE CLIMACTERIC"

WE MEN PASS FORTY HAVE TO ADMIT IT! But...It's True! And, Thank Goodness, a Safe, New Discovery is Now Available (Without Prescription) To Us!



Doctors know it, employers know it, and many men past forty "feel" something is happening, but usually don't know what it is. After the first forty years, the human body undergoes important normal changes. But, more than that "change of life" occurs only in women! This "change" happens in MEN as well as in women. You can be in perfect health and still go through "change of life" because it is change that occurs in anyone over forty. Don't ask your doctor. Chasing "male climacteric" or as we call it "change of life", it is more important than ever that your body be at its strongest and not deficient in vital vitamins and minerals during this period. Yes, your body needs not just "any" vitamins or minerals, but a combination of nutritional supplements created especially for the needs of older men and women. If you've read this far, you are sincerely interested... please continue on for facts that will absolutely amaze you!



Don't Surrender to Vitamin & Mineral Deficiency Until You're Made Sensational "No Risk" Home Trial Offer!

Amazing Health in a Capsule! Discover You're Long Heard We Coming!

Recently, a well known scientist perfected one of the purest and most powerful natural minerals... **AMAZING HEALTH IN A CAPSULE!**

What Is Climacteric?
Medical dictionaries call "Climacteric" the time of life when the body undergoes "normal" changes. First, usually between 40-50, when men become men and girls women... and men usually between 40-50.

When Does Climacteric Affect?
Both men and women. In women it is called "menopause". In men, it is called "male climacteric". **What Can Be Done?**
During the "change of life", it is very important that you eat the right food. It is very important that you eat the right food. It is very important that you eat the right food.

"MIDDLE AGE" FOLKS, Please Read Carefully!
A famous author has stated that "Climacteric" is the time of life when the body undergoes "normal" changes. First, usually between 40-50, when men become men and girls women... and men usually between 40-50.

SEND NO MONEY... Just Mail "Home Trial" Coupon!

Try After 40 Days of **AMAZING HEALTH IN A CAPSULE!**... **AMAZING HEALTH IN A CAPSULE!**

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
ELMORENS CO., Dept. 9-442, 230 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Illinois

Any
Photo
Copied

Up To A \$18 PHOTO STUDIO VALUE Only \$1

25 BILLFOLD
(WALLET SIZE)
PHOTOS

\$1 Sent on Approval

(Send No Money)

50¢ for only \$2

Double-Weight, 8 1/2" x 11", Portrait Paper, Each (E) 1/2 1/2 1/2
(each also) PHOTO is beautifuly DEERLE 2262C.

Just to get accustomed to will make you these NEW article, BILLFOLD PHOTOGRAPHS that are the new in exchanging with school mates, as gifts and souvenirs with friends costs no extraordinary. **SEND NO MONEY**, just curious just favorite snapshot or any star photo for 25 or 50 BILLFOLD (Wallet) SIZE PHOTOS (one year) suitable for framing and keepsakes. Used by thousands of students, teachers, job seekers, parents, movie stars and others. Original received with your order. Pay postage on arrival plus a few cents for our C.O.D. and postage or return the money and we send. 5-day service. Portrait studio, quality and satisfaction guaranteed. Send today.

DEAN STUDIOS Dept. 284, 311 W. 7th St., DES MOINES 2, IOWA

Get GENUINE DIAMONDS from New York's Leading Diamond Specialist SAVE up to 50% and More

**LIBERAL CREDIT TERMS TOOK 12 FULL MONTHS TO PAY... ONLY 10% DOWN
FREE CATALOG WITH YOUR BONDED GUARANTEE
VALUABLE ADVICE AND 10 DAY APPROVAL OFFER**

• NOW enjoy the thrilling excitement of owning genuine diamonds you have been waiting for at a bargain price. Kaskel's, New York's leading diamond specialist established in 1882, wants you to see his offers before you buy. You save up to 50% and more with this direct plan. You don't risk a single penny. You take no risk whatsoever because Kaskel's money back guarantee, if not satisfied, protects you 100%. You are furnished with a written, sworn bond that is actually notarized and sent to you with your selection. Here you have unmatched bargains that defy competition. Here you have a choice of many types of brand new, artistic mountings in 14 Kt. gold or platinum. Kaskel's lay-away plan permits you to secure any size genuine diamond regardless of your income. Diamonds are acknowledged to be as good as money in the bank and when you buy them at Kaskel's low, low prices you have rich enjoyment, pleasure and protection all in one.

**DIAMOND BARGAINS
in Brand New 14 Kt.
Gold Settings Like
These Are Included!**



These pictures give you an idea of the beautiful, brand new, 14 Kt. gold and platinum mountings for the first grade genuine diamonds Kaskel's offers you. Hundreds of diamond bargains to select from... they include diamond rings, diamond pins, diamond watches, diamond earrings, diamond bracelets... can be yours for \$25. up to \$5,000. **CASH or CREDIT... as you prefer**



Send for FREE CATALOG of Bargains... NO OBLIGATION

Send today for our big illustrated catalog just off the press. It is yours just for the asking and with no obligation. It is not only crammed from cover to cover with the most exquisite and exciting settings you ever laid your eyes on... but it also contains important advice about diamonds that is priceless. You are also told about Kaskel's special lay-away plan and full details about the 100% protective money back guarantee and sworn written bond. Get these facts. They are free! Just send your name to the coupon below and receive the most surprising catalog of diamonds you ever saw by return postpaid mail.



Our references: Your own bank or any mercantile agency.

**KASKEL'S, Dept. 738-A
41 West 57th St., New York 19, N.Y.**

Send me absolutely free, by return postpaid mail and without obligation, a copy of your big free catalog of genuine diamond bargains. Also send me the free advice about diamonds and the Kaskel plan. (No salesman will call.)

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY **STATE**

The MAN Who Was A WOMAN

With her gang
of cut-throat killers,
she terrorized the West
of a century ago!

By Cyrus W. Bell

PERHAPS THE STRANGEST woman outlaw who ever rode the West was the head of a gang of robbers and killers who posed as a man and called herself "Tom King." Her real name was Flora Quick Mundis, a Western desperado and highwayman with a degree from Holden College in Missouri.

Shortly after getting her diploma, Flora ran off with a wandering hobo named George Mundis. She learned to ride, became a fancy shot with rifle and revolver, and got her basic training stealing horses and cattle from the natives in the Indian Territory. After Mundis was killed by an irate rancher, Flora flipped her calico dresses and laces away and put on masculine attire. She successfully passed as a man.

As Tom King, Flora killed eight men that are known of, but another estimate puts her murders easily at twenty. One story has it that Flora strode into a house of ill repute in Arizona and shot to death three women for no explainable reason.

Although it was not generally suspected that Tom King was a woman, Flora's family knew of her disguise. Persistent efforts by her parents to get her to resume the life of a woman failed—and Flora in her mid-thirties continued terrorizing the West with her gang of hoodlums and killers.

Shortly before the new century Tom King disappeared from the desperado horizon, and one report said that she had been killed in New Mexico while she and her gang fought off some law-enforcement officers in a desperate gun battle.

THE END

NATIONAL SCHOOLS

proudly presents

FOR MEN
WHO WANT
TO EARN
MORE MONEY

TELERAMA • ALL 8 BRANCHES OF TELEVISION ELECTRONICS • RADIO IN ONE DYNAMIC, MODERN SHOP METHOD, HOME TRAINING COURSE

*Registration required for

Another great advance in **HOME STUDY TRAINING**. Let National Schools, of Los Angeles, a practical Technical Resident Trade School for over 50 years, train you at home by Shop-Method, for today's unlimited opportunities in **ALL 8 BRANCHES** of the Television, Electronics, Radio Industry.

Check all you receive in *One Master Course* at One Low Tuition

1. Television — including Color TV
2. Radio — FM and AM
3. Industrial Electronics
4. Sound Recording and Hi-Fidelity
5. Preparation for FCC License
6. Automations
7. Radar and Sonar
8. Communications

ALL OF THIS MODERN, NEWEST, PRACTICAL EQUIPMENT IS YOURS TO KEEP.

- Parts to Build a modern TV set, including large screen Picture Tube.
- Parts to build a powerful Superhet Receiver, standard broadcast and short wave.
- Parts to conduct many experiments and build Continuity Checker, RF Oscillator, TV Circuits, Audio Oscillator, TRF Receiver, Signal Generator.
- Professional Multimeter.
- These are a MUST for all technicians.

YOU DO MANY PRACTICAL JOBS.

You do servicing, circuit analysis and many other down-to-earth experiments. You build a modern TV set from the ground up... with equipment kits we give you, including a new large screen picture tube and professional Multimeter, at no additional charge.

EARN AS YOU LEARN! Many of our students earn their entire tuition and more in Spare Time jobs we show them how to do while learning. YOU GET GRADUATE ADVISORY SERVICE, TOO.

ALL YOU'VE
TO KEEP

L. J. ROSENKRANZ

President of NATIONAL SCHOOLS



This Master-Shop-Method course is completely up-to-date. Here in Los Angeles, the TV and Electronics center of the world, we are able to keep in constant touch with the industry's latest developments. As a student, you will quickly

master all phases at home... in your spare time. Your earning power will grow with every lesson. Just as thousands of National Schools graduates do every day, you can handle servicing, manufacturing, repairing, hundreds of other jobs, or make good money in your own business. **SECURE YOUR FUTURE—NOW. SEND COUPON BELOW.**



IN THESE MODERN TV STUDIOS, SHOPS AND LABORATORIES, your Shop Method Home Study Course was developed by experienced instructors and engineers. What an advantage that is to you at home — each lesson is tested, proved, easy to understand. You can master the most up-to-date projects, such as color TV set repair, printed circuits — even prepare for F.C.C. License and industrial electronics without taking a special course. **TAKE YOUR FIRST STEP NOW TO A TOP-PAY JOB IN TV, ELECTRONICS, RADIO. SEND COUPON BELOW TODAY.**

APPROVED FOR
VETERANS
AND
NON-VETERANS

NATIONAL SCHOOLS

4000 S. FIGUEROA ST., LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.
187 N. LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO 1, ILL.

IN CANADA: 811 W. Hastings St., Vancouver, B. C.

NATIONAL SCHOOLS

TECHNICAL TRADE TRAINING SINCE 1905
Los Angeles, California

GET FAST SERVICE—MAIL NOW TO OFFICE NEAREST YOU!

NATIONAL SCHOOLS, DEPT. NS-17
4000 S. FIGUEROA ST. OR 187 N. LA SALLE ST.
LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF. CHICAGO 1, ILL.
 Rush free TV-Radio "Opportunity" Book and sample lesson. No salesman will call.

NAME _____ BIRTHDAY _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ Check if interested ONLY in Resident Training at Los Angeles.
KITBAND: Give date of Birthdays

FREE!

Fully illustrated "CAREER" BOOK in TV, Radio, Electronics. AND actual Sample Lesson—years of the cost, no obligation. **SEND COUPON NOW—TODAY!**



NO NEED TO WEAR A TRUSS FOR RUPTURE

That Binds, Cuts, Goggles,
Slips and Does Not Hold

If you must wear a Truss for Rupture, don't miss this. A Post Card, with name and address, is all you send to W. S. Rice, Inc., Dept. 86-F, Adams, N. Y., to get FREE, and without obligation, the complete, modernized Rice Plan of Reducible Rupture Control. Now in daily use by thousands, who say they never dreamed possible such secure, dependable and comfortable rupture protection. Safely blocks rupture opening, prevents escape, without need for bulky, cumbersome Trusses, tormenting springs or harsh, gouging pad pressure. Regardless of how long ruptured, size, occupation, or trusses you have worn, TRY THIS, and send your Post Card today.

Free Book on Arthritis And Rheumatism

HOW TO AVOID CRIPPLING DEFORMITIES

An amazing newly enlarged 86-page book entitled "Arthritis-Rheumatism" will be sent free to anyone who will write for it.

It reveals why drugs and medicines give only temporary relief and fail to remove the cause of the trouble; explains a specialized non-surgical, non-medical treatment which has proven successful since 1915.

You have no obligation in sending for this instructive book. It may be the means of saving you years of untold misery. Write today to The Ball Clinic, Dept. 655, Knoxville, Tennessee, 37912.

PSYCHIC DOMINANCE

How to rule others with your thoughts. Full course—with stirring exercises. \$2 postpaid. (Adults only.)
Renaissance, 846-82, Bensenville, Ill., Chicago 40, Ill.

DETECTIVE TRAINING

Robert B. Phillips, Sr., founder 35 years' detective experience Former U. S. Government special agent. Our course is very reasonable and easy to master. Careers for men and women, young and old. For free information write to Phillips Secret Service System, 1917-N North Kenneth Ave., Chicago 28, Illinois.

Party Records FOR ADULTS ONLY

THEY'RE TERRIFIC! Brand new series of exclusive records. Party ditties and variety, about about about about 100 minutes. Really exciting, but no earth has yet seen and your friends will love it. EIGHT DIFFERENT SELECTIONS on three equal 15 or 45 p.m. records (each record) sent prepaid in plain sealed envelope for \$4.95 to you or \$5.95 SPECIAL P.P.S. For 10 different sets of 10 Records for \$49.50. For a thrilling adventure in adult entertainment, order today! Today!

NATIONAL Dept. 26-F, Box 5, 314, E. TOLSON, 9, 20109

FREE ENLARGEMENT of your Favorite Photo

Now famous Hollywood film studios just to get acquainted, we will make you a beautiful studio quality 5 x 7 enlargement of any snapshot, photo or negative. Be sure to include color of hair, eyes and clothing, and get our "Bargain Offer" for having your enlargement most beautifully hand-colored in oil and mounted in a handsome frame. Limit 2 to a customer. Please enclose (a) to cover cost of materials and (b) to our advertising. Act NOW!

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept. F-30
7221 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.

just like a woman!

(continued from page 12)

have something to do with it.

Sheriff Thomas thought so too and hurried to Brodderick's farm. The car was found to be a gray sedan belonging to a Mrs. Lance Ruthledge, a widow with two children, who lived a few miles from the Ansel's.

Mrs. Ruthledge was able to shed little light on the mystery. She parked the car every night on a side road leading up to her house. Evidently the bandits helped themselves to it, she said. She hadn't even missed it until the sheriff called on her.

Sheriff Thomas spent the afternoon visiting farmers who lived along the road leading to Kuhn-town. None of them, however, could recall anything unusual on the night of the shooting.

On the way back to his office, Sheriff Thomas cruised slowly along the road leading from Kuhn-town. In a field, not far from where he'd found Ansel's car, he suddenly noticed a bundle. He stopped his car, got out and investigated.

The bundle contained two suits of men's clothing. One was blue, the other gray. Both were shabby and patched.

Inside a coat pocket, Sheriff Thomas found two masks made from black stockings. He knew he'd made an important discovery.

That afternoon he took the trousseurs from the gray suit and headed for the general store. It was filled with farmers' wives and their kids.

Sheriff Thomas casually asked, "Anyone recognize this pair of trousers?"

"Bill Ruthledge had a pair like that," a youth answered. "Seen him wear them a lot of times."

Bill Ruthledge! He was the son of the woman whose stolen car was found that morning in the farmer's field. Was there any connection between the Ruthledges and the Ansel's?

Several chats with womenfolk of the neighborhood brought forth that answer. There was quite a connection.

A couple of years ago Robert Ansel had worked for the gas company. At the same time, Mrs. Ruthledge had operated a gas station across from her home. It was her sole means of support after her husband died.

A business introduction between the two developed into an intimate friendship of which the neighbor-

hood women did not approve.

Nor did Mrs. Ruthledge's sister, Mrs. Penny Perkins, who lived with her. Mrs. Perkins had pointed out that there was no hope for the romance because Ansel was not interested in divorcing his wife.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Ruthledge carried on the affair. She and Ansel often were seen in Ansel's car long after midnight.

When Sheriff Thomas had created a picture of the romance between Ansel and the widow Ruthledge, he tried to fit the 14-year-old son into it.

Perhaps the lad had heard the gossip about his mother and sought to end it. But if so, why had he shot Mrs. Ansel and not her husband?

Sheriff Thomas decided something was wrong with the whole setup and formed a plan which he hoped would bring the mystery out in the open, perhaps even solve it.

He went to Mrs. Ruthledge and told her that he suspected her son was the bandit who killed Mrs. Ansel. He added that he would have to take the boy into custody.

The story had its effect. Mrs. Ruthledge went to pieces. It was obvious that she loved her son. And to protect him, she cleared up the shooting of Mrs. Ansel.

"My sister, Mrs. Penny Perkins, and I killed Mrs. Ansel," she said.

The sheriff was understandably shocked as the widow continued.

Bob Ansel had refused to divorce his wife so he could marry her, Mrs. Ruthledge explained. But if Mrs. Ansel was dead, he would be free to marry her, the sisters had reasoned. So they had to kill Mrs. Ansel.

Mrs. Perkins put on young Bill's old gray suit and Mrs. Ruthledge wore old clothes that belonged to her late husband.

They parked their car about two miles from the Ansel home and headed for it on foot.

Along the way they agreed that Mrs. Perkins should do the killing. It didn't seem right somehow that Ansel's next wife should kill his present wife!

And why had they taken Ansel along with them after the shooting? To make sure he couldn't do anything to help save his wife's life.

Fortunately for the sisters, Mrs. Ansel did not die. And so they went on trial for attempted murder and were found guilty.

EDITOR'S NOTE: To protect persons innocently involved in this case, as well as those who have paid their debt to society, all names in this story are fictitious as used here.

THE END

Amazing new sebacin scalp formula may

INCREASE THE LIFE OF YOUR HAIR

SEND FOR **FREE** 30-DAY SUPPLY



To prove to you how effectively the new Sebacin formula improves your hair and scalp, we will send you, without charge, a 30-day FREE supply of this amazing scalp treatment. All you have to do is mail the coupon below, with 25 cents for postage and handling, and your FREE supply of Sebacin will be rushed to you.

SEBACIN IS TESTED AND PROVED

This 30-day free trial is made for only one reason. We know that once you see the remarkable improvement in your scalp and hair you will be a steady user of Sebacin. So many thousands of men and women already have tried the Sebacin scalp

treatment with such gratifying results . . . so many have written to us telling of remarkable benefits to their hair after only a short trial . . . that we are convinced that you, too, may experience the same benefits after a similar trial. Yes, you can try this TESTED and PROVED scalp treatment in your own home — at no cost, at no risk. The entire cost and risk are ours.

All we ask you to do is follow faithfully every day the simple directions that accompany each Sebacin package. In return for these few minutes of your time daily, you may increase the life expectancy of your hair.

WHAT SEBACIN DOES FOR YOUR SCALP

Put Sebacin to the test. Try it for a 30-day period — free. See for yourself how Sebacin makes the most of the hair you've got . . . how quickly it invigorates your scalp . . . helps correct excessive dry and oily hair . . . makes your hair look thicker, healthier and alive. See how it rids your scalp of dandruff and seborrhea . . . stops the scalp itch . . . and stops the hair loss these scalp conditions may cause. (Although doctors are not in complete agreement about the causes of hair loss and baldness, they do agree that these scalp symptoms often result in baldness.)

At the end of this 30-day trial period, you can decide for yourself if you want to continue treating your scalp according to the Sebacin Plan. If you do, we will send you a 30-day supply each month at a cost of only \$2. You can continue the treatment for as many months as you want. You can quit at any time. We think that you will want to continue your scalp treatment, because there is no permanent cure for these scalp symptoms. Reinfestation by comb or brush, by public contact, by barber shops, is a constant threat to your hair health. But if you don't wish to continue, you are under no obligation to buy anything from us—ever. You owe nothing.

BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO DECIDE NOW. You can decide after you see how Sebacin improves your scalp and hair during the trial period.

Simply fill in and mail the coupon today. We will rush back your 30-day FREE Sebacin. During this free trial period you can decide whether or not you want to continue with the Sebacin Plan. But whether you do or not, the initial month's supply of Sebacin is yours to use free. So ACT NOW. Mail the coupon TODAY.

© Sebacin Inc., 18 West 45 Street, New York 36

Actual statements of Sebacin users

"Thank you for producing such a wonder working product. It has been my salvation."

Mrs. A.H.—Buenos Aires

"You have a fine product. It is all you say it is."

V.W.H.—Sanford, Fla.

"Sebacin has done my hair more good than anything I have ever used."

Rich Square N.C.

"Your Sebacin is wonderful! I tried a bottle and it works! Send another."

W.M.—Fresno, Calif.

"My hair seems to be getting thicker again. All my friends are asking what I'm doing to my hair."

C.K.—Columbus, Ohio

"My hair was thin on top, but now it is filling in and looks thicker."

H.C.M.—St. Louis, Mo.

"Like many others, I had very little faith in your product but after using it I can certainly say I was amazed, for it has done wonders for me and I sincerely recommend your product to anyone with falling hair."

A.A.—Oakland, Calif.

"My husband has used a bottle of your formula and it's done wonderful results for his scalp and hair. So I'm sending for the treatment for myself."

Mrs. V.A.—Hawthall, Mo.

"On January 28th, I received my scalp treatment and that evening I got busy with it. From the first application and up to this day I have had no itchy scalp. And I cannot comb a hair out."

R.S.—Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Have tried many hair tonics, but your treatment is the only one that has proven satisfactory."

C.B.W.—Lynchburg, Va.

"Got rid of my dandruff."

R.H.McD.—

N. Kansas City, Mo.

"Had diagnosed of ever having normal head of hair again. Getting wonderful results from your treatment."

Mrs. H.B.—W. Kansas City

"Snipped my scalp itch and been wonderful for my scalp."

A.R.—Belle Fourche, S.D.

"Received great relief from itchy scalp and dandruff from your treatment. I find it has stopped my falling hair."

A.K.—Randolph Field, Texas

"My hair seems to be growing since I started using the treatment. People around here have noticed the recent results. I'll tell you it's wonderful."

Mrs. J.R.—Jacksonville, Tex.

"I am sure delighted and really satisfied with the results. My dandruff and falling hair have stopped altogether."

J.T.—New Haven, Conn.

**30-DAY
SUPPLY
FREE**

SEBACIN INC. Dept. 5903H

18 West 45 Street, New York 36, N.Y.

Please send my FREE 30-day supply of Sebacin scalp formula and full information about the Sebacin Plan. I am under no obligation to buy anything at any time. After the free trial period, I will decide if I want to continue with the Sebacin Plan. In any case, the initial 30-day supply of Sebacin is mine to use free.

I enclose 25¢ (coin or stamps) to help pay for postage and handling.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____

STATE _____

This offer is limited to those who have not previously taken advantage of this generous trial offer.

MEN PAST 40



The Excelsior Institute is completely equipped to give the latest and most modern scientific diagnosis and treatment services.

The highly trained Staff of Doctors and Technicians is so extensive that your physical condition may be thoroughly checked during the day you arrive here.

Treatments Are Particularly for Men

The Excelsior Institute is an institution devoted particularly to the treatment of diseases of men of advancing years. If you were to visit here you would find men of all walks of life. Here for one purpose—improving their health, finding new health in life and adding years of happiness to their lives.

During the past few years men from over 3,000 cities and towns from all parts of the United States have been successfully treated here at the Excelsior Institute. Undoubtedly one or more of these men are from your locality or close by... we will gladly send you their names for reference.

Facilities for the Non-Surgical Treatment of Rectal and Colon

Rectal and Colon disorders are often associated with Glandular Dysfunction. These disorders if not corrected will gradually grow worse and often require painful and expensive surgery.

We are in a position to take care of these troubles either with or without Glandular Dysfunction treatments.

The proper treatment of such disorders can very easily change your entire outlook on life.

Who are Troubled with *Getting Up Nights* Pains in Back, Hips, Legs, Nervousness-Tiredness, Loss of Physical Vigor *The Cause may be* **Glandular Dysfunction**

Men as they grow older too often become negligent and take for granted unusual aches and pains. They mistakenly think that these indications of Ill Health are the 'USUAL' signs of older age.

This negligence can prove tragic, resulting in a condition where expensive and painful surgery is the only chance.

If you, a relative or a friend have the symptoms of Ill Health indicated above, the trouble may be due to Glandular Dysfunction.

GLANDULAR DYSFUNCTION very commonly occurs in men of middle age or past and is accompanied by such physical changes as Frequent Lapses of Memory, Early Graying of the Hair and Excess Increase in weight... signs that the Glands are not functioning properly.

Neglect of such conditions or a false conception of inadequate treatments cause men to grow old before their time... leading to premature senility, loss of vigor in life and possibly incurable conditions.

NON-SURGICAL TREATMENTS

The non-surgical treatments of Glandular Dysfunction and other diseases of older men afforded at the Excelsior Institute have been the result of over 20 years scientific research on the part of a group of doctors who were not satisfied with painful surgical treatment methods.

The War brought many new techniques and many new wonder working drugs. These new discoveries were added to the research development already accomplished. The result has been a new type of treatment that is proving of great benefit to men suffering from Glandular Dysfunction or Rectal and Colon trouble.

COMPLETE EXAMINATION AT LOW COST

On your arrival here we first make a complete examination. The Doctors who examine you are experienced specialists. You are told frankly what your condition is and the cost of the treatments you need. You then decide whether or not you will take treatments recommended.

Definite Reservations Not Necessary

If your condition is acute and painful you may come here at once without reservation. Complete examination will be made promptly.

Select Your Own Hotel Accommodations

Treatments are so mild that hospitalization is not necessary so the saving in your expense is considerable. You are free to select any type of hotel accommodation you may desire.

DO SOMETHING TODAY

Take a few minutes right now in filling out the coupon below and enable you to better enjoy the future years of your life and prove to be one of the best investments you ever made.



Excelsior Institute
Dept. 7043
Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Gentlemen: Kindly send me at once your New FREE Book on Diseases peculiar to men I am _____ years old.

Name _____

Address _____

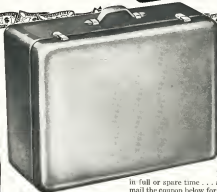
City _____

State _____

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK GIVES YOU FULL INFORMATION

The Excelsior Institute has published a New FREE Book that is fully illustrated and deals with Diseases peculiar to men. It gives excellent factual knowledge and could prove of utmost importance to your future life. It tells how men modern non-surgical methods are proving successful. It is to your best interest in life to write for a FREE copy today.

Men! Send for This Money-Making Outfit **FREE!**



See How Easy
It Is to Make
UP TO **\$30.00**
IN A DAY!

Add to Your Profits with Tailored Suits for Ladies!



You can add more dollars to your earnings by taking orders for our beautifully styled, fine quality made-to-measure suits and skirts for women. Many women husbands will write to men, and the profits roll in! You can have credit orders, styles, prices, and sample instructions.

YOUR OWN SUITS WITHOUT 1¢ COST!

Our plan makes it easy for you to get your own personal suits, topcoats, and overcoats without paying 1¢—in addition to your big cash earnings. Think of it! Not only do we start you on the road to making big money, but we also make it easy for you to get your own clothes without paying one penny. No wonder thousands of men write enthusiastic letters of thanks.

JUST MAIL COUPON

You don't invest a penny of your money now or any time. You don't pay money for samples, for outfits, or for your own suit under our remarkable plan. So do as other men have done—mail the coupon now. Don't send a penny. Just send us the coupon.

Do you want to make more money in full or spare time . . . as much as \$30.00 in a day? Then mail the coupon below for this BIG OUTFIT, sent you FREE, containing more than 100 fine quality fabrics, sensational values in made-to-measure suits, topcoats, and overcoats. Take orders from friends, neighbors, fellow-workers. Every man prefers better-fitting, better-looking made-to-measure clothes, and when you show the many beautiful, high quality fabrics—mention the low prices for made-to-measure fit and style—and show our guarantee of satisfaction, you take orders right and left. You collect a big cash profit in advance on every order, and build up fine permanent income for yourself in spare or full time.

No Experience Needed

It's amazingly easy to take measures, and you don't need any experience to take orders. Everything is simply explained for you to cash in on this wonderful opportunity. Just mail this coupon now and we'll send you this big, valuable outfit filled with more than 100 fine fabrics and everything else you need to start. You'll say this is the greatest way to make money you ever saw. Rush the coupon today!

STONE-FIELD CORPORATION, Dept. F-775,
532 S. Throop St., Chicago 7, Ill.

In Canada write: Douglas Tailoring Co., Dept. F-775 P.O. Box 298, Montreal

STONE-FIELD CORPORATION, Dept. F 775,
532 S. Throop St., Chicago 7, Ill.

Dear Sir: I WANT MONEY AND I WANT A BETT-
WEAR AND SHOW without paying 1¢ for it. Back V
inside this Coupon and Sample Kit with actual fabrics
ABSOLUTELY FREE

Name Age

Address

City State Zip
In Canada write: Douglas Tailoring Co., Dept. F-775 P.O. Box 298, Montreal

We'll send YOU a Money-Making "Shoe Store" Business FREE!

**Just 8 easy orders a day
bring you up to \$960 a month!**

RUSH COUPON FOR FREE BUSINESS OUTFIT!

Here's an exciting business for the man who wants to make money with a product he can sell to EVERYBODY...who wants steady cash profits EVERY MONTH...easy REPEAT SALES to the same customers...a BIG INCOME supplemented by monthly BONUS CHECKS and exciting PRIZES! We'll set you up in a profitable Mason "Shoe Store" business at our expense. You need no previous experience...you don't have to invest a cent! James Kelly of Ohio took so many orders for these Nationally-Advertised shoes he made \$83.55 in ONE evening! Fred Mapes makes \$5 to \$10 every hour he devotes to his Mason Shoe business!

It's easy with our way of selling shoes. We set you up in a complete "shoe store" business you can run from your home. We carry the stock and ship the shoes. All you do is show the styles to your family, friends, people where you work, etc...and take orders. You have a profitable business with no rent, light bill, clerk hire or other costs to worry you. You keep 100% of your profit!

Here's why you'll make money!

- You offer 170 comfortable fast-selling styles...far more than a store!
- You have an amazing range of sizes (2 1/2 to 14) and widths (AAAA to EEEE). Even hard-to-fit people can buy from you!
- Because we carry over 200,000 pairs in stock, your customers get exactly what they want...no misfits or substitutions!
- You feature exclusive Velvet-ez shoes with foamy-soft air-cushion innersoles that let you "walk on air." Built for supreme comfort, Mason shoes also feature built-in strong steel shanks, Air-Cushion longitudinal support, Nylon stitching. Advertised in *Esquire*, *Good Housekeeping* and on TV, they'll be available only from you—not sold in stores!
- You save your customers money, and the time they would waste "shopping around" shoe stores.

Take Orders For Over 170 Dress-Sport-Work Shoe Styles!



30 kinds of work shoes!

A style for every model
Special Neoprene, Cork,
Cushion soles, heels...van-
tyled work shoes...even
Safety Toe Shoes!

Smart dress, sport styles!

The last word in styling!
Heavy duty, resoled leather.
Cool Nylon Mesh styles,
patentleaves, 2-tones and
Cub-N-Cross sided shoes!

70 Styles for Women!

Totally almost every style!
Many comfort features.
Low-heeled, high-heeled,
casual, service shoes, job-
set styles!

No wonder you'll have the biggest and best "shoe store" business in town!

MASON SHOE MFG. CO.

Since 1904

236 Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin



You'll get a Starting Kit FREE!

As soon as we receive the coupon below we'll send you a complete Business Outfit FREE and postpaid! It features the entire Mason Collection in full color; contains 10-second Air Cushion demonstrator, valuable Booklet check full of how-to-make-money hints, special Measuring Board, advertising reprints...everything else you need to start making cash profits from the first hour! We'll also show you how to earn monthly Bonus Checks and win costly prizes FREE!

Mason Shoes will be available ONLY from You!

Because Mason Shoes are not sold in stores, you get repeat orders from delighted customers almost automatically! Steady cash profits every month! Since everyone you know wears shoes...EVERYBODY IS A PROSPECT! No wonder this is the perfect business for you: a quality product everybody needs...backed by the famous Good Housekeeping Guarantee Seal...one you can take orders for 12 months of the year. Want to see how much money you can make? For a 2c postcard you can try it NOW...start your exciting business right away!

RUSH THIS STAMP FOR YOUR FREE BUSINESS OUTFIT!

Mr. Ned Mason, Vice President
Mason Shoe Mfg. Co., 236
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

Yes, I'd like up to \$960 a month for just 8 orders a day...and MORE! Please start me in an exciting "Shoe Store" business by rushing my Complete Shoe Business Outfit FREE and postpaid to I can start making money my first hour!

Name _____

Address _____

Phone _____

State _____

Dreagville NEWS

